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To

Mrs E. Dodge Ery

with the compliments of
The Author

PAPERS

FROM OVER THE WATER;

A SERIES OF

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

BY

SINCLAIR TOUSEY.

FRANCE,
GERMANY,
BELGIUM,
ITALY,
ENGLAND,

SWITZERLAND,
HOLLAND,
SPAIN,
BAVARIA,
SCOTLAND,

IRELAND.

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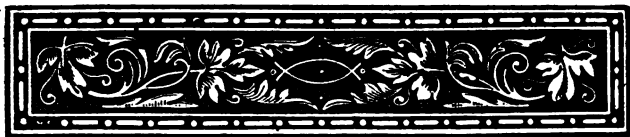
TO

SALEM H. WALES,

WHOSE AGREEABLE COMPANIONSHIP, DURING MORE THAN A HALF-YEAR, AS A FELLOW-
TRAVELLER, CONTRIBUTED GREATLY TO THE PLEASURE OF THE TOUR
PARTIALLY DESCRIBED HEREIN, THIS BOOK IS

Respectfully Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E .

WHEN about leaving home to visit the Old World, friends asked me to write descriptions of what I might see.

A compliance with their requests would have required more time than I could devote thereto ; but, instead of writing to each person, I sent my letters to the newspapers for publication, and thus gave friends what they asked for.

On their appearance in print, they were copied to some extent, and seemed to meet some little public appreciation. This, coupled with requests for their publication in book form, induced me to submit them in this shape.

They are not offered as possessing any literary merit whatever, a life of toil in business pursuits having effectually prevented my acquiring any such qualifications ; neither are they given as containing any thing new concerning the countries visited ; no pretensions are made to having seen more than all travelers can see who will look as they travel.

I have simply endeavored to describe what I saw, as intelligently as I could. If I have ministered to the reader's amusement, or increased his stock of information even in a slight degree, I shall be satisfied.

S. T.



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PAPERS FROM OVER THE WATER.

I.

*Brest—Lost Luggage—French Railway—Saturday Weddings
—Illuminated Fountain at Versailles—Great Dinner—
Sunday Shops, etc.*

PARIS, September, 1867.

I LEFT our busy city on Saturday, the 10th of August, to make my first visit to the Old World.

As the good steamer St. Laurent moved gracefully down our magnificent bay, and passed out on to the broad Atlantic, I began to realize for the first time that I was leaving home.

ARRIVAL AT BREST.

In due time we dropped anchor at Brest, about midnight, and after an hour's display of fireworks and discharging of cannon, we succeeded in waking up a little steam-tug, and bringing her off to the steamer for mails, passengers, and luggage. Having passed the custom-house, we drove up a winding road to the railway. After unloading and sorting the luggage, finding part of mine missing, I commenced a chase after it, but in vain.

Daylight finally came, and nearly all our passengers left

the depot in stages to go up to the town—a walled one—for breakfast, leaving me in pursuit of my loss. However, I did not waste much time after their departure, but followed on foot. After traveling about a quarter of a mile, I entered a public square surrounded by queer old buildings, among and past which there ran a paved street; down it were passing hundreds and hundreds of men and boys, in wooden shoes, on their way into the walled city to their work.

LOOKING FOR A HOTEL.

I inquired of at least a dozen of them as to the location of a certain hotel; but they did not understand a word I said, and I was so stupid as not to know what they said; and there I was, in a great crowd of wooden-shod people, not knowing which way to go, hungry as a grizzly in winter, the time drawing near for the departure of the train, every man and boy and woman, of course, staring at me with wonder. Finally, two little, light-haired, blue-eyed boys, with wooden shoes, came stamping along over the pavement, who eyed me so closely that I ventured to ask them for my hotel, when lo and behold! they marched me directly to it. There I found my companions eating their breakfast as quietly as though I were with them.

I did not find my baggage before the train left for Paris, seventeen hours away; but on I went to the great city, perfectly confident that I should eventually get it, notwithstanding I had no check for it, nor any thing by which I could hold any person responsible.

On arriving in Paris, I went to the depot, and called on Monsieur of the baggage bureau, (all bureaus in France, no offices.) He referred me to Mr. B., and he to Mr. C., and he to Mr. D.; each Mr., in every instance, going with me to the person referred to, and each one bowing and tipping

his hat, as if they had not met for weeks; and, finally, we all went to Mr. E., who said that I should have my baggage in three days, and in three days I found it in my room.

FRENCH RAILWAY.

The railway from Brest to Paris, though only a branch road for a part of the distance, is a model for durability of track, solidity of road-bed, ease of the cars, and freedom from jolting and vibration. At every highway crossing gates are placed to protect travelers from the passing train. No one is allowed on the track or road-bed anywhere. The signal guards are women in uniform. The passengers' depots at way-stations are all fenced in, and none but passengers are allowed inside. Spectators are kept outside. All the way-stations have beautiful little flower-gardens around them, and look as neat as labor and taste can make them. The locomotives are not such big fellows as ours, and many of them have no roof over the driver, or as we say, engineer, who stands perfectly exposed to the weather, without even a window to protect his eyes from the wind caused by the rushing train.

Every person employed on a railway or about a depot, and, in fact, in any public capacity, wears some sort of uniform, or badge, to designate his business—a plan that we might adopt with advantage; but the blood of the American eagle would not submit to the degradation of being badgered, and so we can not tell who is who about a depot or anywhere else. We shall be wiser when we are older.

THINGS IN PARIS.

I have seen but little of Paris as yet; but what I have seen induces me to believe that it is "a right smart-sized

place," quite a village. The shop-windows are marvelous in number, in the beauty of their goods, in the taste displayed in the arrangement thereof, and in the immensity of the value shown ; but the interior arrangements of the shops are not equal to ours in New-York. The female shop-keepers are models of politeness and neatness of dress, and the crowds of people gazing at the windows are wonderful in number and propriety of conduct. I have not seen a street row or brawl of any kind, or a drunken person ; even the hackmen are quite civil and well behaved. The streets are well paved, free from dust, and as none (that I have seen) are paved with that curse of horse and rider, cobble-stone, they are easy to ride over—in fact, quite as pleasant, a great share of them, as the roads in our Central Park.

WEDDING-DAY.

On my way on a Saturday to deliver a copy of Greeley's *American Conflict* to the tutor of a young gentleman of New-York, now at school here, whose father had sent it by me, I dropped into one of the churches, and within ten minutes saw four wedding parties enter.

Saturday, I am told, is a popular wedding-day with the middle classes, many couples of whom, after leaving church, spend the day at the Bois de Boulogne, (a great park,) which, judging from the number of wedding groups I saw there on the same afternoon, must be a favorite resort on such occasions ; indeed, it is said the people consider it indicative of good luck to spend the wedding-day under the green trees, as much so, I suppose, as Mrs. Beecher Stowe does to throw old shoes after a departing newly married niece.

It must be a curious knowledge, that of the world's superstitions. Who knows them ?

On a Sunday, I joined a party of New-Yorkers on a trip to Versailles, the magnificent memento of the reckless extravagance of the Fourteenth Louis; an extravagance that some say was the germ of the great Revolution; but of this historians know much more than I do. We selected that day because the last display of fireworks and illumination of the fountains was to take place in the evening. We arrived there about one o'clock P.M., by rail, and fell into the throng of people, among them hundreds of priests, whom these displays always attract to Versailles, and were swept along like so many mere atoms, through the picture galleries of the old palace, through the dead monarch's grand apartments and saloons, where in the old time the noblest and gayest of France displayed their charms, and plotted and counter-plotted each other's ruin.

SEARCH FOR DINNER.

After some hours of this "moving on," (for no stopping was allowed, the crowd being so great,) we sallied out of the palace, out of the garden, and began a grand chase after a dinner; but the chasing was much easier than the finding, as every restaurant was full, and more than full, of hungry people.

We could find plenty to drink—the French people seem to live on drink—but little to eat; however, by great industry and much perspiration, we found two small tables and several smaller stools in a dark room, all of which we seized on *vi et armis*, and one of our party—a live New-Yorker, for many years a Nassau Streeter—marched into the kitchen, and brought forth a minute speck of roasted calf, a small bit of sausage, (containing a very large amount of garlic,) a shade of Normandy cheese, a yard or two of French bread, and the everlasting "Vin Ordinaire," or common wine,

which all Frenchmen, and women too, drink as freely as our German cousins do of lager.

With these "courses" we made, seasoned with any quantity of laughter, (excellent sauce for any meal anywhere,) a most excellent dinner, our talk and movements affording great amusement to the different groups of the "natives" who were dining and laughing in the same room.

After this most magnificent entertainment, the enjoyment of which by our party was never exceeded by the Grand Mogul at any of his state feasts, we drove for an hour about the outskirts of the garden, which, I suppose, is the most beautiful place of the kind in the world. So many descriptions of it have been printed, that I shall not now attempt another.

FIREWORKS.

By the time evening set in, the illumination had commenced; I can describe it only in brief, and poorly. Place in front of your mind's eye a beautiful oblong basin of water, of some acres in extent, ornamented with appropriate groups of statues. On one side of this basin, at its centre, place a flower-garden of colored lights, (on the ground,) covering a bed of some two hundred and fifty feet in length by some fifty feet in width; on either side of this bed of flowers, place columns, arches, and festoons of gold-colored and green and crimson lights, for some six hundred feet each way from the centre.

Then, when these thousands of colored lights are all burning as bright as art and science can make them, up on an instant, as if by magic, spring hundreds of water-jets, throwing their liquid columns from ten to twenty feet high, rivaling in beauty the sparkling colored lights; then, in and around and before and behind these jets, see clouds of crimson smoke, or air, giving the same color to the leaping

jets ; then, as the green dies away, up comes a shade of crimson, making the playing fountains look as if they, too, were of the same hue ; and so on, with different shades of colors.

Presently up rose, in and among the water-jets, just as many jets of fire, of the same size and shape—making a continuous circular row of jets of fire and water, the most beautiful sight imaginable. While these were doing their work, the air was filled with rockets and other explosive fire-works, thousands of which seemed to come out of the water in the great basin. By and by, a grand explosion of fire-works took place in the basin, in size and appearance like the crater of some volcano.

So, with fire and water, and water and fire, on the earth, and in the air, and from the water, the evening sped on till almost midnight ; then the acres and acres of people, numbering scores and scores of thousands, began to move, with as much order as such great masses could move ; no quarrelling, no fighting, no swearing ; and back to Paris we all came safe and sound, having seen what only a few Americans can see.

Beggars are not seen in the streets of Paris.

SUNDAY.

An American is taken all aback on his first Sunday here, at seeing the greater part of the stores open, and mechanics at work. He will also be surprised at the absence of children in the streets on week-days.

I spent a few hours at the Great Exposition, and great it is ; great in extent, in variety of articles, in beauty of arrangement, and in the immensity of its whole, a complete World's Congress of artistic and mechanical Niagaras.

I miss one thing here exceedingly, to wit : our Croton

water, in its softness and extravagance of quantity. Good drinking and washing water I have not yet found in this city, and though ice is as cold here as at home, it is not seen in such profusion as with us, nor is it so clear and pure.

HORSES AND HARNESS.

We New-Yorkers can beat Paris in horses; not in number, but in beauty of appearance and grace of action. The poor animals are loaded down with harness and other useless incumbrances, and are made to move loads greater in weight than any thing ever dreamed of in America. The loads that one horse will move here are enough to frighten the souls out of all the horses in New-York. American horses, like their owners, are favored above the rest of the world. Let them be thankful.

French vehicles of all sorts are much heavier than ours, in fact, heavier than required for their work. A light, graceful American wagon attracts much notice when seen in the streets. The principal employment of the men of Paris seems to be sitting in front of a *café*, drinking, smoking, and chatting. The women tend the shops, and seem to do nearly all the work, even sweeping the streets.



II.

A Lieutenant-Governor in a fix—Women at Work—Calvin's Church—How Pigs go to Market—Rothschild's House—Geneva—A Dutch Traveler—Clothes-Washing—Swiss Steamers—Intelligent Englishman—Swiss Peasants—Mont Blanc, etc.

BERNE, SWITZERLAND, September, 1867.

ON my way from Paris to Geneva, I remained over night at an old French town called Macon, (after which our Georgia town of that name was christened.) On entering the breakfast-room of the hotel, just at daybreak, for a cup of coffee, who should come in, carpet-bag in hand, but our Lieutenant-Governor Woodford, who, not seeing me in the dimly lighted room, was electrified by hearing his name in a familiar voice. A man is not often more pleased to see another than was the eloquent young President of our State Senate on seeing me. He had left Paris for Geneva and got off the train at Macon to change cars, and not being as familiar with Napoleon's French as he is with our American English, he failed to find the right car, and the train moved off and left him standing in a crowd where not a soul could understand him, so he had to stay over night and take a train the next morning; and as I happened to be the first person he met that could speak his own language, and being also an old friend unexpectedly met with in

a strange place, one can readily see why he was pleased at meeting me.

VINES—SUGAR-BEETS.

From Paris to Geneva, (sixteen hours by rail,) the road generally traverses a beautiful country, highly cultivated. Between Dijon and Macon we travel through miles and miles of vineyards, the hillsides being covered with vines to their very tops, while on either side of the streams that wind their way through the valleys, acres on acres are covered with the sugar-beet, and along the highways and by the river-banks, more poplar-trees are standing than Mr. Greeley saw of buffaloes on his overland trip to the Pacific, though he says that he saw several millions.

CLOTHES-WASHING.

One of the most common sights seen along the route was women washing clothes in the rivers, and working in the fields and vineyards. In fact, the women in this part of the world seem to do all the work, or most of it. I saw six women and two men raking hay on the lawn in front of a Rothschild mansion, near Geneva, and that is less than the average proportion of women to be seen at out-door work.

CALVIN'S CHURCH.

I attended service on Sunday in the old church in Geneva that Calvin once thundered in, and saw his pulpit occupied by a fine-looking, good-natured young man, with a face the very antipode of the vinegar-visage of that sturdy old preacher, whose bones may rattle in his coffin, for aught I know, at the desecration (?) of his old dwelling-house by the Catholic Sisters of Mercy who now occupy it. Thus goes our race. To-day, Papist; to-morrow, Protestant; the next, Papist, and so on—change after change, and revolution on revolution,

and reformation following revolution; but over and above Papacy, and Protestantism, and revolution, and reformation, towers Christianity, and onward moves the leveling up of our common humanity, as irresistible as the steps of time, and as universal as the death that follows. Pope can not stop it; reformer can not change it.

PIGS TO MARKET.

We of New-York think that the good Mr. Bergh (may his long shadow never be less!) has done much for "dumb" creatures; but he never thought, in all the kindness of his benevolent, nature of *carrying pigs to market on a good thick bed of straw in a wagon*, as is done at Geneva. Bless the Genevan pig-merchants! May their pigs never have the measles!

Standing in one of the streets in Geneva, I saw an elegant pair of horses before a handsome barouche; horses had on fine harness, with the owner's monogram in beautiful metal; bells, with fur padding, on their necks; the driver in fine livery, and the traces of the harness made of rope!

In the reading-room of my hotel at Geneva, I saw a likeness of Lincoln, printed on satin, with the words, "Deposed 1865." It was printed at Lyons. Price, three francs. On visiting the house once occupied by Byron, the porter in charge gave us some plums of a very superior sort, the seeds of which will find their way to America.

GROUND OF A ROTHSCHILD.

The Genevan hotel-keepers make much ado about the house and grounds of one of the Rothschilds; so, after providing myself with a card of admission about the size of a pane of glass, (not a small one either,) on which was printed the coat-of-arms of the unwillingly retired money-king, accompanied by a note stating that no money was to

be given to the gatekeeper—unnecessary in my case, for I don't do any more of that work than the law allows; and that no smoking was permitted on the premises—a great drawback to my pleasure, for I like a cigar as well as the reticent U. S. G.; and a further notice that dogs were not admitted, (even by card;) a notice not required in my case, for I have as much as I can attend to without a dog—I rode up to, and entered the sacred place, (six women and two men raking hay on the lawn,) and walked over it—riding not allowed. Fine house, good outlook, pretty flower-beds, but the place as a whole doesn't compare with that of Morris Ketchum, at Westport, Ct. We honored the place by leaving our names in a register kept for that purpose. On our way back to Geneva, the coachman pointed out to us the place once occupied by Voltaire, and a house where Josephine lived after the divorce. By the way, is it accidental, or is it retributive, that the grandson of her whom the old Napoleon discarded for lack of children, should to-day fill the place of him who did that great wrong?

GARIBALDI.

One week ago, Geneva was alive with the excitement of a visit from Garibaldi. Great processions, bands of music, singing-bands about the streets all night, illuminated steamers in the harbor, fireworks, etc. Within three days thereafter, according to the papers, he left Geneva, like the descent of the rocket-sticks fired on his arrival. Thus it is with all who dare to have opinions of their own and courage enough to express them.

What with the Garibaldi excitement and the visit of a Japanese embassy, the Genevese, last week, had about as much as they could get along with; but as that old town has seen many changes and great commotions, it will probably

survive the visit of the Orientals and the speeches of the red-shirted hero.

QUEER STEAMERS AND DROLL STEERING.

I made a trip up and down Lake Geneva, on one of their queer-looking steamers, the steersman standing at the stern, and generally guided by the signals of another man nearer the bow. Elevated places for the steersman, such as our boats have, are not known hereabout, two or more persons generally doing what one would do with us, though in one instance—which I will soon refer to—this was not the case.

Other persons have so often written about Lake Geneva that I shall not say much about it. Its water is not so clear as that of some of our own lakes.

INTELLIGENT ENGLISHMAN.

During the trip, I fell in with a young Englishman, with whom I talked on American matters, and soon found myself surrounded by a group of gentlemen of that ilk; among others, a London barrister, at least sixty years of age, a member of the conservative club of that city, and a man of importance enough in his own town (near London) to have once had his house sacked by a mob on account of his politics, who asked me if "*the English language was generally spoken in America.*" Do our British cousins need a schoolmaster?

After nearly a week's sojourn at Geneva, I took the stage for Chamounix, up the valley of the roaring, splashing, milky-looking Arve, whose waters hesitate to mingle with the Rhone for a long way below Geneva.

SWISS PEOPLE.

This part of Savoy, and indeed the greater part of the route to Chamounix, and thence to Martigny, over the Tête

Noir, is inhabited by poor peasants, cultivating small patches of ground as well as they know how, with tools as old in style as the mountains they are hemmed in by. They are of small stature, many are deformed, and a large portion of them, especially the women, have those odious excrescences on the neck that have defied the physicians of all countries.

The houses, and barns, and stables are all under one roof, the dwelling-parts poorly lighted and not at all ventilated; indeed, one may believe that these people are afraid of air and light, and, judging from the common practice of placing iron grates to every window, (but few of them, and small ones at that,) they must be either great cowards or great thieves.

If, however, they shun light and air in their dwellings, they do not shun work, especially the women, for they work all day long, even knitting as they walk along the roads (which, by the way, are as good as experience, money, and labor can make them) with heavy loads on their heads. The people are saving, too—even scraping up manure on the highways, the women, of course, doing even that work.

CHAMOUNIX AND MONT BLANC.

Before reaching Chamounix we encountered a heavy rain-storm, but on reaching the village the storm ceased. The setting sun came out gloriously, and shone with his brightest rays on Mont Blanc, which in turn reflected back from his clear, white face the brilliancy of the departing day-god; and as he sank to rest, up came the queen of night, throwing her silvery radiance coquettishly on the crown of the snow-clad monarch of the mountains. And thus we had an Alpine storm, a sunset and moonlight view of the great mount; and to add to our pleasure, the next morning was as bright and beautiful a one as ever came over the mountain-tops to wake sleepers in the valleys. Mont Blanc by

sunset, by moonlight, by sunrise, paid us for the long ride in the diligence.

EASY WAY TO ASCEND A MOUNTAIN.

Chamounix was thrown into a fever of excitement, the morning after our arrival, by a novel sight. A very fat German, too heavy for mule-riding, who wanted to "do" the mountains, provided himself with a broad belt, which he placed around his back and under his arms. To the end of this belt a mule was attached by rope traces some eight or ten feet long; and back of the fat German some six feet, was another man, with another broad belt under his arms and around his back, and with traces fast to the fat chap; and as the mule started off, hauling behind him fat and lean Germans, the guides and the chambermaids and the waiters, and all the visitors of the place, turned out to see the trio, mule and Germans, guide not counted, depart amid shouts of laughter.

I presume that mode of ascending a mountain is not at all new, but it is of so rare occurrence at Chamounix as to attract a crowd and cause great merriment.

I think the trip must have ended well, as I saw the fat old chap the next day puffing and sweating, on his way to the Tête Noir (Black-Head Mountain.)

One of the most noticeable things hereabout is the fine appearance and good address of the hotel waiters. They are the smartest-looking and best-dressed young men we meet, and generally very attentive. At Martigny, there were twenty-eight persons at the dinner-table, and *only two* waiters, (either of whom was, in appearance, fit to fill a pulpit or plead a cause in court,) and the whole party were promptly and well waited on, course by course, French style.

Hotels are generally good; the only exception we have

thus far found, being that of the Hôtel Beau Rivage, at a place called Ouchy, on Lake Geneva. This hotel is like a whited sepulchre—fair without, but within it is—let all Americans pass it!—the manager don't want them; he prefers English patronage.

Our American women do not all dress with as much taste and propriety as do the French; but for tact, vim, self-reliance, general intelligence, go-aheaditiveness, good looks, wholesomeness of appearance, smartness, they beat all creation—that is, so much of female creation as one meets in traveling this way.



III.

A Bear Story—Hoisting Stone—A Saving People—Blue-beard's Castle—Over the Mountains—Beautiful Sight—Sunday—Swiss Cottages—Baden-Baden and its Gamblers.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, September, 1867.

BEFORE leaving Berne, (from which place I last wrote,) I visited the Bears' Den, as all good travelers are bound to do, or lose caste with the Bernese, who are all bear worshippers—in fact, Berne is bear, and bear is Berne.

BEARS' BANK.

According to history, as related to me, there was, many years ago, a sum set apart for the maintenance of a certain number of these pretty little creatures, which in time increased faster than did the beasts, and so a law was passed creating a fund out of the accumulated profits of the bears' money, and this institution is now known as the Bears' Bank. Whether the officers of the bank are bears or bulls, I don't know, but this I do know—that the bears I saw were a comfortable-looking set of fellows, and were taking things much easier than owners of banks do in America. I do not vouch for the truth of this "Bear story."

HOISTING STONE.

To hoist stone on to a high building in course of erection, at Berne, a huge wheel, like an old-fashioned overshot water-

wheel, was placed in a great framework of timber, a rope wound round it, to one end of which the stone to be lifted was attached, and the wheel then made to revolve by some dozen men walking inside of it, tread-mill style. This was a labor-saving machine with a vengeance. Three men, with one of our derricks, would have raised a stone twice as large and in half the time. In countries where labor is as cheap as in Switzerland, inventions substituting machines for manual labor are not overcommon.

On my way to Interlaken I passed Lake Thun, a much prettier lake than Geneva, reminding one of our own Lake George, its hillsides being, of course, much more highly cultivated.

ECONOMY.

The Swiss are a saving people, turning every thing to account—gathering up the falling leaves, cutting off and carrying home from long distances, little twigs from the evergreen trees, (such as spruce, hemlock, etc.,) to be used in the winter as bedding for their cows, sheep, and goats, and to be converted into manure for their little patches of land. In saving manure, they pile up alternate layers of straw and manure as carefully and systematically as an American farmer lays up a cheese of ground apples for the press of the cider-mill; some of their manure-heaps made in this manner being fifty feet long and six to eight feet high, and from fifteen to twenty feet in width.

BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE.

While at Interlaken I visited an old castle where, according to the local guide-books, Bluebeard lived and killed. From the top of its ruined walls I looked over the plain to see if there were any galloping horsemen coming to the rescue of the old sinner's victims; but instead of hearing the clattering

horses' feet bent on a work of mercy, I heard the clattering of a dozen old-fashioned flax-breaking machines, lively and smartly worked—for twenty cents per day—by as many sun-browned women, right under the castle's walls, and not one of the dozen bore the least resemblance to the pretty creatures my picture-book used to contain. I don't believe old Bluebeard or his dear little victims were ever in that old castle.

Of course I had, like hosts of other victims at Interlaken, to "do" the Wengern Alp *via* Lauterbrunnen.

After waiting some days for the Jung Frau to show her face, which was veiled with a thick cloud, we started off for the Wengern Alp and Little Scheideck, (6400 feet above the water,) where we arrived just at dark, and remained over night.

GREAT MOUNTAINS.

On our way up the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, we passed those mighty mountains of solid stone, towering up layer by layer for thousands of feet, as regular in their horizontal strata as if laid by line and rule, telling one plainly that they were God's battlements, laughing to scorn all human attempts to scale their giddy heights or to sap their eternal foundations—huge piles of granite, made for the weary clouds to rest their tired feet on as they go wandering up and down through space.

BEAUTIFUL SCENE.

When we arose in the morning, the sun was just reaching the tops of the mountains all about us, and the Jung Frau was so glad to see him that she raised her cloud-vail to bid him good-morning, and her greeting was joined in by the Eiger, the White Monk, and that prettiest of all mountain-peaks, the Silver Horn; and all around us the ragged and

snow-clad mountain-tops bid the glorious sun good-morrow, while to make the scene a little lively and somewhat noisy, a miniature avalanche came dancing down a ravine between the White Monk and the Jung Frau.

Two thousand feet below us lay a clear white cloud, looking for all the world like a monster fleece of wool, just taken from some mammoth sheep, so white, so soft, so compact, so smooth did it seem as it hung on the mountain-sides, bordered by the evergreen trees that crawled up the hills around it; while down, down, thousands of feet under this wool-cloud, lay the little hamlet of Grindenwald, as effectually hid from our view as if it had never had a place on God's great footstool.

As the sun rose higher and higher over the mountains and touched the edges of this cloud of wool-vapor, it began to ascend and find its way up the valleys, and hours before we reached Grindenwald, that village was as plain to us as if cloud and fog and vapor had never hid it.

At this time of the year, the Swiss people drive their sheep from the mountains down into the valleys, and shear them. American wool-growers would think September rather a late month for shearing their sheep.

I have seen but little of the land of Tell. Can't say I like it. Its mountains are grand, awfully grand, its valleys pretty, its streams rapid, its people—not so tall as their mountains, not so smiling as their valleys, not so swift-moving as their streams.

SWISS COTTAGES.

* Looking at their dwellings—I speak of those of the peasantry—from a distance they appear picturesque, perched as they often are on some crag or on a green hillside, but a near approach to them dispels all romance. They are dark, dirty, and foul, and thousands of them much more uncomfortable

than many American pig-pens, poisoning the air around them with stench from all sorts of noisome things.

Swiss cottages look well in picture-books ; but Swiss cottages, in nature, have terrible odors, and look best at a distance.

A DOUBLE CHURCH.

In this town, Heidelberg, there is a large church divided in two parts by a wall from floor to ceiling. On one side of this partition the Catholics hold service, and on the other side the Protestants; while outside the church, against its walls, and under its windows, protected by the eaves of its roof, right under the droppings of the sanctuary, Catholic and Protestant—and, for aught I know, Jew and Gentile, Greek and Turk—carry on their different callings in little shops and stores all day long on Sunday! That may be said to be serving God and mammon at the same time and in the same place.

I have not seen a quiet, still Sunday since I left New-York. Such a thing as a total suspension of trade on a Sunday, according to our American ideas, seems to be unknown this way. At least, this is my experience thus far.

GAMBLING.

On my way here I called at Baden-Baden. That place is wrongly named: it should be Bad-an'-Worse. Our readers know its fame, or rather its infamy, for gambling; but one that has not seen it scarcely realizes its terrible character.

Think of old gray-haired men; young beardless boys; sweet girls of sixteen—yes, younger than that; men of middle age, women of no particular age, all sitting around a great table in a public-hall as large as any church in our city, gambling, gambling, gambling; and, to crown the picture, see an

old woman, trembling with age, shaking with the palsy, too feeble to walk to the table—see such a one carried in a chair, and a place made for her at the devil's board, around which knaves and fools, lunatics and men-wolves, money-seekers and money-spenders, gather like the ravens about a carcass; see the haggard look of the losers, the snake-like look of the winners, the anxious stare of the desperate ones, the grievous anger of the one, the joyous pleasure of the other, the fear, the hope, the suspense, and the infatuation of all. It must be seen to be realized. The name must be changed from Baden-Baden to Bad-an'-Worse, for no worse place is there this side of that worst of places against which we have been warned since time began.



IV.

A Big Wine-Cask—Frankfort and the Jews—Wiesbaden—Wine—Great Church—Down the Rhine—Crowning a Yankee—Aix-la-Chapelle—Among the Dutch—A Yearly Visitor—Women towing Canal-Boats, etc.

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, October, 1867.

SINCE my last letter I have visited the old castle fortress of Heidelberg, at that place, one of the grandest old ruins in Europe. Its huge towers, battlements, grand old corridors, stately halls, grim vaults, monstrous wine-cellars, broken columns, shattered window-places, ivy-covered walls, and grass-grown turrets make it a wonderfully interesting place, especially to us of the New World.

In its wine-cellar is a cask large enough to contain eight hundred English hogsheads. It was never filled but once, and that a great many years ago. Its staves are ten inches thick. It is as large as a small house, and big enough for a good-sized "tea-party" to dance in.

FRANKFORT.

On leaving Heidelberg, we went to Frankfort, which, contrary to my expectations, I found to be quite a modern-looking city—that is, a greater part of it—with well-paved, clean streets, light, comfortable-looking houses, beautiful flower-gardens, etc. Of course, there are some parts of it which

are old, dirty, and very gloomy, such as the Jews' street, where those money-monarchs—the Rothschilds—were born, their old house still standing on its tottering foundation, and surrounded by others that need the aid of great props to keep them from tumbling down.

At one time the Jews were compelled to remain in their own street during certain hours and certain days—a proscribed, degraded class. Now, nearly every Christian nation in Europe is in debt to these same outcasts, for money to uphold their shaky thrones, many of which are nearer the tumble-down precipice of decay than even the old houses in the once degraded Jews' street of Frankfort; and to-day one of the proudest monarchies in the world dare not offend the money-king, who, it is said, would rather be the "Jew of the kings than the king of the Jews;" for, when the Bismarckian William of Prussia called on the city of Frankfort to pay tribute-money for its municipal action in regard to the war between Prussia and Austria, the money-king told the political king that he could, if he chose, make Frankfort pay it, but if he did, he, the king, could borrow no money for his future wants.

The tribute-money has not been collected. (So runs the story.)

Thus the persecuted of yesterday, are to-day the masters of the persecutors, and some of their descendants live in palaces more luxurious than any ever occupied by the ancestors of their former persecutors. The wheels of Time's old car roll over and over continuously, and in their rolling the spokes catch up and throw down kings and peoples like the dust on the highway. Yesterday, kings led the people with halters—to-day the people make blocks and halters for the kings.

The people of Frankfort are fine-looking, bright, active, intelligent. Their public squares, monuments, (of Goethe,

Schiller, and others,) galleries of art, etc., give evidence of good taste and liberality. A fine people and a fine city.

From Frankfort to Wiesbaden is a pleasant trip, through a well-cultivated and beautiful country.

Wiesbaden is a duplicate of Baden-Baden in the way of public gambling, only more so. The drives and promenades are perfectly charming. The Greek chapel there, erected by one of the dukes as a mausoleum for his wife, is one of the richest and most tasteful structures of its size in Europe, and cost more than a million of dollars.

WINE.

While at Wiesbaden, we drove out to the famous vineyard of Johannisberg, where that high-priced and kingly wine is made, and, like many other traveling fools, bought, at the chateau of Prince Metternich, (who owns the vineyard,) a bottle of the precious (in price) stuff, and a more sour, disagreeable liquor I never tasted. I suppose my early education in wine-drinking was so imperfect as to make me an unfit judge of the article.

DOWN THE RHINE.

From Wiesbaden down the Rhine, that river of old castles, old legends, vine-clad hills, mountain-bound shores, ancient towns, decayed villages, queer-looking steamers; here turning around a bold, castle-crowned promontory, there steaming under a protecting crag, from whose summit we were frowned upon by the battlements of a robber knight's retreat; here passing an ascending river-craft, towed by horses, with the towing-line at the top of the tall mast-head, there past old fortresses and new castles; and thus, down this old highway, whose every cliff and hill and mountain has a record of strife, of injustice, of heroism, of endurance, of suffering; whose every mountain-top has witnessed

deeds that thrill the soul with emotions of awe or chill the blood with horror; whose every slope has been bathed in human blood—down its current we steamed to the old Roman town of Bonn. From Bonn to Cologne the country is rich in fertility, and beautiful to look at.

GREAT CATHEDRAL

The Christian world knows of the Cathedral of Cologne, second in size only to the great St. Peter's of Rome.

It is great, gloomily magnificent, huge, and impressively wonderful in its effect upon the beholder, especially one from America, where our churches and meeting-houses are mere toy-houses in appearance, and where little appeal is made to artistic taste. It is no wonder that the religion of Rome has had and still has such a hold on the people.

Its great churches, magnificent cathedrals, splendid pictures, exquisite carvings of stone and wood, grand altarpieces, its gorgeous vestments, its wonderful ceremonials, and all the pomp and pageantry that genius can devise or that art can paint or chisel cut, all that the eye can admire or the ear take in—all, all this is in that great old faith which, in spite of the objections urged against it, was one of the greatest civilizers that humanity had in the olden time. To me it has always been a wonder that Protestantism, with its bare-walled churches, its plain-clad austerity and ascetic nothingness of ceremony, should ever have found a proselyte.

The old cathedral at Cologne has a large stock of relics, which are shown to all who will pay to look at them.

Between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle is more splendid farming-land, highly cultivated. Aix, or, as the Germans call it, "Achen," is a fine town, with clean streets, but few vehicles and fewer horses, and is more of a modern than an ancient city, though much remains that is ancient. Its old cathedral contains a greater variety of relics than that of

Cologne ; a list of them is printed in pamphlet form. It was on a Sunday afternoon that I visited it ; the service was scarcely over before the sacristan espied me and beckoned me to come within the altar railing, and being joined by another of the church officials in black and white robes, I was shown into the inner chamber where the valuable things are kept, such as precious stones of all sorts, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and the like, too numerous to mention ; also crowns, sceptres, swords, etc.

CROWNED.

Unlocking a strong, iron-bound case, the sacristan placed before my wondering eyes a crowned bust (in silver) of the great Charlemagne, and taking the crown (once worn by the great emperor) off the head of the metal bust, placed it on mine, remarking, in a laughing way, as it slipped over my head down on my shoulders, that the old emperor had a larger head than mine ; which I did not dispute, for, according to veritable history, the old fellow was nearly seven feet high, while I lack at least a foot and a half of that measure. His sceptre is also shown, but as the day of royal sceptres has passed never to return, that old bauble of former kingly power is now a mere toy-relic, to be looked at by those who live in a better time than its old master ever saw. To-day the pen is the great sceptre, and printer's ink the battering-ram that levels city walls and batters down granite fortifications stronger than any ever taken by old Charlemagne.

A NEW MONARCH.

The old church and city are full of relics of Charlemagne, who spent much of his time here when not engaged in his great wars ; but to-day a greater and more mighty monarch than ever he was, lives and reigns in Aix-la-Chapelle—a

monarch whose realms are greater than his ever were, whose empire is based on deeper and stronger foundations than those of any old king or kaiser that lived or ruled in the past; a monarch whose empire girdles the earth, and to whom tribute is paid by all the world; whose subjects comprise nearly all that is human; a monarch before whose throne kings bow down and princes veil their faces—*King Steam*; for now Aix-la-Chapelle is a thriving, busy, prosperous manufacturing city, from every point of which tall chimneys rise proudly skyward, the brows of which are crowned with more victorious wreaths than were ever worn by old-time warriors; wreaths of power to supply human wants and add to human comforts—not wreaths of kingly wrongs done to vanquished peoples. Steam is more kingly than old Charlemagne, and now steam rules in “Achen.” Let it reign evermore.

The old Town-Hall in Aix is a fine relic of the olden time. In its saloon, or hall of ceremony, there have been thirty-six German emperors crowned; their portraits now hang on its walls, looking for all the world as if they held the men and things of to-day in supreme contempt, and were sighing for the good old times when they were on earth and lording it over the people.

They have gone, and with them much of the barbarism and inhumanity that so long kept the race under their thrones.

AMSTERDAM AND ITS CANALS.

Amsterdam is a quaint old city, whose streets (many of them) are canals, and whose canals are streets. Canals here, there, and everywhere—straight canals and crooked ones—large canals and small ones. Its carts are mostly canal-boats, and its canal-boats are mostly carts, though a few wheeled carts are tolerated in its few paved streets, but

the drivers are not allowed to ride on their carts—they must walk with their horses.

The people are remarkably red-cheeked and healthy-looking ; the business men, as smart-appearing gentlemen as I ever saw ; its women clean and tidy in their dress, and the houses perfect models of cleanliness. There are a great many old buildings in Amsterdam, the one I lodged in having been used as a hotel for more than two hundred and fifty years, and judging from their looks, some of the present attachees must have been at the laying of the corner-stone, or rather at the driving of the first pile, for the old house, as well as much of the city, is built on those perpendicular wooden foundations.

THE HAGUE.

From Amsterdam to the Hague is but a short trip, through a flat, canal, and ditch covered country. The Hague is one of the most beautiful small cities in Europe—broad, shady streets, some canals, few carriages, fine dwellings, and many wealthy people. The palace of the Queen is in a fine forest, some half an hour's distance from the city. The King visits her once a year. Her palace is a plain-looking building without, but within is very fine, containing one of the most magnificent rooms to be seen anywhere. It is of octagon form, very high, with a great dome ornamented with splendid frescoes. The sides of the room are covered with magnificent paintings by Rubens and his pupils. Hague contains an excellent gallery of paintings, embracing several by the great masters.

Many of its streets are paved with thin brick, set up edgewise, making a very easy, comfortable carriage-way. The country about Hague is, like the rest of Holland, flat.

WOMEN AS HORSES.

While there I saw two women towing a large boat on a canal, just as horses tow boats on our canals at home—a strange sight for an American. We don't make our women do that sort of work, but in Holland it is quite different. Many of the Hollanders live entirely on the canals. Their boats are their castles, and the women do more of the work of managing them than the men.¹ Scarcely a cart or wagon at the Hague has either shafts or poles or any thing by which to guide it, except the rope-traces with which the horses draw it. As the streets are perfectly level, I suppose these things can be dispensed with; but if shafts and poles were absent there was an abundance of harness, that on each horse containing leather enough for at least four.



V.

Rotterdam—Breakfast Smokers—Hauling Brick—Antwerp—Blanketed Cattle in the Field—Cow-Milking—Brussels—Indignant Peddler—Paris—Queer Sign near a Cemetery—Public Respect to Passing Funerals—Lafayette's Grave—Elevated Hencoop—Brick-Raising, etc.

PARIS, October, 1867.

FROM the Hague to Rotterdam the traveler sees the usual variety of Hollandish landscape, including the regular number of canals and windmills.

Rotterdam is a busy place, and like Amsterdam, its streets are canals, and its canals are streets. At the principal hotel, the men sit at breakfast with their hats on, and smoke pipes and cigars, and display samples of tobacco for sale, regardless of the ladies.

Three men hauled more brick in a cart over a level street than is carried in four of the one-horse brick-carts used in New-York, and the women would remove brick from a canal-boat much faster than men unload them at the wharves of Gotham.

The city has a very pretty little park, and its wharves give evidence of commercial thrift.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp, the home of Rubens, the portrayer of fat women and skillful user of bright colors on canvas, is a comfortable city and can show some of the finest pictures in Europe.

FARM SCENES.

In the fall of the year, the handsome cows that feed on the flat, wet fields of Holland, are covered with blankets, and are nearly all spotted black and white, scarcely any other color being seen, and the sheep are large, with coarse wool that denotes cold weather. The farmers huddle together in villages, but few farm-houses being seen on the farms. Instead of driving the cows home at milking-time, like American farmers, the milkers put their clean wooden cans with polished brass hoops into little boats, and paddle away up the small canals to where the blanketed cows are fishing bits of grass out of the water that covers many of the pasture-fields, and after the milking is done, home they go again, and the milk is converted into excellent cheese and butter that can not be excelled out of Holland. Fences and hedges are not often seen in Holland; little canals and ditches supersede them.

BRUSSELS—WATERLOO.

Brussels is one of the prettiest cities of the Old World, with beautiful ladies, and military officers as handsome as need be.

On approaching the entrance to the field of Waterloo, we were hailed by a lad of some fifteen summers, selling canes, buttons, and other articles from the battle-ground. He discoursed eloquently about Napoleon, Wellington, the great battle, all the while urging us to buy of his wares. After following the carriage for some distance, and seeing that we would not buy any thing, he turned from us, and as he strode across the road, he waved his hand toward us with a grace and dignity that would have made the fortunes of a dozen Forrests, exclaiming, as he marched off, "Go home, and forget Waterloo." Belgium is a charming country, if one may judge by what is seen of it between Holland and France, and the trip from Brussels to Paris is perfectly charming.

DROLL SIGNS.

Near the main entrance to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, in Paris, are numerous places for the sale of immortelles, tombstones, and other articles suitable for such display of affection for the dead as the tastes and means of the living will permit the purchase of; not forgetting what we Americans would call "side shows," places of amusement, in one of which, so the huge signboard over the door proclaimed, the spectator could see a pictorial representation of the marriage of the Virgin and of the birth of J. C.—these letters standing for the name of him who died in the flesh, that others might live in the spirit; next to this, Punch and Judy, properly "Frenchified," were holding forth to the delight of the lookers-on.

FUNERALS.

These peculiar sights, near a great cemetery, must not be taken as evidence of lack of respect to the dead, on the part of the Parisians, as that would be unjust. When a funeral takes place in church, the main door is covered with heavy black cloth, on which may be seen the initials of the deceased in large white letters; and when a funeral procession passes slowly along the street, no matter whether large or small, no matter whether the dead traveler was rich or poor, high or low, every man raises his hat out of respect to the passing corpse, and every woman crosses herself, an affecting custom, the spirit of which we might imitate, instead of driving our dead friends to the grave on a "good, stiff trot," unnoticed by the passers-by, as we generally do.

LAFAYETTE'S TOMB.

In one of the eastern suburbs of the French capital, in an out-of-the-way corner of a small semi-private, semi-public

cemetery, attached to an old Augustine convent, is a little inclosure containing a very plain and somewhat dilapidated monument or tombstone, telling the visitor that beneath it rests all that is mortal of him who, in the dark hour of our national birth-time, was our truest and noblest friend, one whose services we of to-day fail to appreciate as we ought, one whose grave is seldom visited by the children of those whom he so faithfully served in their time of need—for but few Americans visit the grave of Lafayette.

Emperors in plain dress look much like other people, at least so appeared those of France and Austria when riding about Paris.

ELEVATED FOWLS.

On the front of a house, seven stories from the sidewalk, (the house being nine stories high,) the occupants had placed a tasty little hen-coop, in which several well-fed fowls were enjoying themselves as quietly as if in a farmer's barn-yard.

To get brick up toward the top of a high building in process of erection, tall ladders were placed against the wall, on the rounds of which several men were seated.

A man on the ground brought the bricks and passed them to the man on the ladder-round nearest the ground; he raised them over his head and passed them to the man next above him on the ladder, and he to the next one above him, and so on to the top of the ladder, and thus the bricks reached the mechanic who was to use them.



VI.

A Prison—Wine City—Stilts—A Shell Cradle—Bayonne—Biarritz—Rude Farming—Ragged Soldiers—Vittoria and its Odors—Burgos and its Cathedral—A Cure for the Headache—Beautiful Monuments—An old Monastery—Aristocratic Convent—A Kingly Chair—Columbus—Cervantes—Sundry Images—Valladolid—Church Fonts etc.

MADRID, SPAIN, November, 1867.

A TRIP through Spain, that stand-still land of the past, having been resolved upon, we left Paris on the morning after our November election.

Our first day's journey took us to the old town of Tours, a lively place, with a Gothic cathedral built by the Fifth Henry of England. In the suburbs of the place is a small chateau or castle, built by that persecuting bigot the Eleventh French Louis, now being renovated and restored for a private residence. On the premises and near the chateau is an underground vault, like a vault under a New-York sidewalk, where this hateful king imprisoned one of his subjects for more than seventeen years. Miserable wretches were some of those ancient kings. The country between Paris and Tours is really charming, and between Tours and Bordeaux there is some fine land, though much of it is quite poor and uneven.

A WINE CITY.

Bordeaux is, as most people know, a great wine mart—casks of wine here, boxes of wine there ; here casks to put wine in, there staves and hoops of which to make wine-casks ; wine here, wine there, wine everywhere.

We paid a visit to a huge wine vault, covering I dare not say how much ground. We went up long avenues of wine-casks, down between tiers of wine-bottles, corks this way, bottles that ; white wine and red wine ; old wine and new wine ; cheap wine and dear wine ; wine for women and wine for men. The very air of the vault was flavored with wine.

Bordeaux contains a beautiful public garden or park, and in it there is a little pond full of the sauciest, fattest, jolliest gold and silver fish ever seen.

The remains of an old Roman building, looking as if it had once been a circus or amphitheatre, still stand, the walls of which now look as if they could laugh at the modern buildings standing in sight of them, so durable do they seem.

POOR COUNTRY.

Half of the distance between Bordeaux and Paris is through a low, level barren waste, covered in some places with a little miserable grass, in others by a few scraggy pines, from which the natives try to coax a little turpentine material. Occasionally a small half-starved flock of sheep are seen, watched by a shepherd on stilts, looking for all the world like a tall North-Carolinian on wooden legs.

PAU.

Pau is a finely situated town, popular with invalids, and

historically famous as the birthplace of the good Henry Fourth, the brave Harry of Navarre, and also of Bernadotte, late King of Sweden, who left Pau as a drummer-boy.

The old castle in which the good King Harry was born is still in fair preservation; and the bed in which he "came into this breathing world," and the tortoise-shell cradle in which he was rocked, (one huge shell,) are still shown to visitors.

During the great French Revolution, when all kingly things were under the ban, this cradle was secreted and a bogus one put in its place, which met the destruction intended for the true one.

Between Pau and Bayonne, there is some good and some very poor country. All the cattle are of a light yellowish or dirty cream color, with dark briskets and darker legs, and rather small in size.

The horses in this part of France are small, and at this season have the hair on their sides and back clipped short, while on the belly and legs it is left full length, giving them a very singular appearance.

BAYONNE AND THE BAYONET.

Bayonne is a strongly fortified old French city, with but little to interest the traveler.

It claims to be the birthplace of the bayonet, from the story that some of its defenders, becoming short of ammunition for their guns, fastened long knives to the muzzles, and thus repulsed their assailants.

A half-hour's ride took us to Biarritz, the favorite seaside resort of the imperial family.

On the way there, we passed scores of donkeys, on which the women rode astride, man fashion.

SPAIN.

Now for Spain ; at the frontiers we changed cars, and had our luggage inspected.

The Spanish railways are not of the same gauge as the French, and instead of running the cars alongside of each other on a special switch, as Americans would do, in transferring the baggage from train to train, each trunk was carried by itself over a long platform, consuming an hour and a half in a job that a Yankee railroad man would have done in fifteen minutes. Old Spain does not move so fast as Young America.

The moment the line between the two nations is crossed, every thing is changed. The railway officials wear different uniforms, speak a different language, have different money ; even the country itself is different.

In France, people are lively, cheerful, pleasant. In Spain, morose, dark, scowling, 'gloomy, they act and move as though afraid of each other and of themselves.

RUDE FARMING.

In that part of Spain passed through on the way to Madrid from France, every thing is of the most ancient sort ; poor cultivation of the land, old buildings, decayed towns, primitive tools. In fact, the people in the Basque provinces claim Noah as their especial ancestor—a claim that seems too well founded, for they seem to have made no improvement since his day.

They have rather a poor country, and their mode of culture does not improve it.

They raise a little corn, which, after being planted, is left to take care of itself. If it can outgrow the grass, well and good ; if the grass gets the best of it, all the same. What little corn we saw had succeeded in getting up a few inches

nearer to the sun than the grass; but it had to work so hard to do it, that the stalks were no bigger than a man's finger.

In breaking up land for a crop, four or five men stand in a row, and in concert thrust a long, wide-pronged, fork-like spade into the ground; they are followed by women with hoes, to break up the lumps of earth.

Their cart-wheels are of solid wood, of some two feet in diameter. They harrow with a little wooden-toothed harrow drawn by oxen.

Probably this mode was practiced by their ancestor Noah.

TUNNELS—VITTORIA

Between Bayonne and Vittoria, the first Spanish city we reached, we passed through, in a five-hours ride, no less than thirty-seven tunnels, many of them several hundred feet in length.

Vittoria is an old, decayed city, full of sewers, with grated openings, out of which rise the foulest smells that ever met human nostrils.

In walking about its streets on a bright, moonlight evening, we found scarcely a shop open, hardly a person to be seen, and, when one was seen, he was gliding along behind some projecting building, moving more like an assassin than a decent citizen.

In front of an old, gloomy cathedral, there was a large figure of the Virgin, surrounded by lighted lamps, giving it a strange and weird appearance.

In the morning, there was quite a military display—horse, foot, and artillery—the greater part of the soldiers being mere boys. They wore no leather shoes, had no stockings, but in lieu thereof had on hemp sandals, with soles made of cord.

A lot of new recruits, or conscripts, just brought in, were the sorriest, most miserable-looking set of ragged wretches I ever saw. From the old cathedral steps the priests walked down, with cigarettes in their mouths, puffing away as only the true Spaniard can puff.

There were more lazy-looking men, fat and lean dogs, and bad smells in Vittoria than in any place of its size I ever visited. Glad to leave it.

BURGOS—CATHEDRAL.

Burgos, which claims the apostle James for its founder, was the next place we stopped at. This city has more miserable beggars and fat priests than Vittoria, and nearly as many foul sewers. These Spanish towns have very imperfect drainage, hence the horrid smells from their sewers.

Burgos has one of the grandest and most interesting cathedrals in Spain, if not all Europe—large, massive, elaborate in ornament, beautiful in design, impressive in style, and every way worth a long journey to see. Its chapels are numerous, and some of them large and gorgeous. Its wood-carvings perfectly exquisite. Its spires the most beautiful I ever saw, lifting up their light, airy outlines in the most graceful and picturesque manner imaginable. It dates from the thirteenth century. Cathedral lovers should see it.

CURE FOR HEADACHE.

In one of its fifteen chapels, by the side of a female saint, may be seen numerous locks of hair placed there by persons troubled with the headache, this disposition of their head covering being sure to cure that miserable complaint. In another part of the church there is a figure of a saint that sweats every Friday; as we were there on Thursday we did not see the sweating. In another place may be seen a life-

sized figure of Christ wearing a woman's petticoat embroidered with gold; but these, to us, strange sights do not detract from the grand magnificence of the proud old Cathedral, which for so many centuries has stood unchanged amid all the great commotions that have shaken the world since its foundations were laid by the pious Ferdinand the Sainted.

OLD MONASTERY—OLD MONK.

Half an hour's ride from this wonderful structure is the monastery of the now defunct order of Carthusian monks, three or four of whom still breathe. This monastery contains a beautiful church, in which is one of the most elaborately ornamented marble monuments in Europe, being the tomb of Juan Second and his Queen, Isabella of Portugal. The workmanship of the robes, the delicate tracings of the embroideries on the vestments, the numerous illustrations of Bible history, the exquisite chiseling of the figures of men and animals, make it indeed a master-piece of art, a thing of beauty to a be joy in memory evermore.

We were shown through the old monastery by an ancient, infirm monk, bent over by age, his body covered by a black mantle, his head enveloped in a white cowl, a human relic of by-gone power; and as we followed him along the deserted corridors of this once rich and potent institution, it seemed as if the cold November wind which howled about our heads was chiding us for having sacrilegiously unearthed some dead member of his order, so cold, so dreary, so desolate was every thing around us; even the few miserable beggars that stood knocking at the convent door seemed to look at us in anger for intruding on the scene. Before we had time to cross the hand of the old monk with silver, he had vanished out of sight, leaving us to find our way out of the gates as best we could.

RICH CONVENT.

Leaving the old monk in the solitude of his deserted home, we drove to the Convent of Los Huelgos, founded in the twelfth century by Alfonso the Eighth and his Queen, a daughter of England's Second Henry, and now one of the richest and most aristocratic convents allowed in Spain.

Within its chapel some royal marriages have taken place, at which as many as thirty crowned heads were present. Here, too, may be seen another figure of the Saviour in embroidered petticoats, a tawdry thing, fit only for a curiosity shop. The chapel of the nuns is separated from the church of the convent by heavy iron bars extending from floor to ceiling, two tiers of them, each bar as large as a man's wrist. Through this heavy double grating the officiating priest preaches to the nuns; at confessional, the nun sits on one side of a thick wall and the confessor on the other, a small grated and curtained loop-hole being between them. In this way also and through a similar loop-hole is the sacrament of communion administered to the nuns.

A KINGLY CHAIR.

In the old Town-Hall at Burgos may be seen the throne-chair occupied by the first kings of Castile, a strong wooden seat, looking very much like the seats made by the orange-dealers in Washington Market out of their empty orange-boxes—a little stronger, perhaps, but about the same thing in shape. The market-place was full of dealers in vegetables, the prevailing article being "red pepper."

These Spanish towns have but few vehicles; the carrying is done on the backs of donkeys, hundreds of which meet the traveler everywhere.

The best dressed and best fed and most cheerful-looking

men are the priests. The other males are divided into two classes, one looking tolerably decent, with dark cloaks over their projecting shoulders, the other poor, starved, ragged, and dirty, with faded brown cloaks over their lean bodies, both classes puffing away at the irrepressible and ever-frequent cigarette. Every man in these old towns, no matter how poor, wears a cloak, part of which is thrown over the left shoulder and drawn up over the chin and mouth, but in Madrid the custom of cloak-wearing is not so prevalent. The women go about the streets almost bareheaded, wearing no head-gear but a thin vail worn on the back of the head.

A RASCALLY HERO.

In the Town-Hall at Burgos is a box containing the bones of the renowned Cid, the great hero of old Spain, a dishonest rascal who cheated his creditors by leaving with them, as security for money he borrowed, a strong iron-bound box, (to be seen in the Cathedral,) containing sand, which he made the money-lenders believe contained large quantities of precious stones and metals.

VALLADOLID.

Valladolid, the former capital of Spain, was our next stopping place, another city full of decayed buildings, gloomy old churches, dirty beggars, and cut-throat hangers-on at a railway depot; but out of and over and above all the past, there rose dozens of tall chimneys, giving evidence that here too, as in old Alx-ia-Chapelle, the great king of the nineteenth century, STEAM, has obtained a foothold, and is founding a dynasty more lasting than any ever founded by any king of the dim past.

Already the genial ruling of this modern king is seen in the erection of new houses, the renovating of old ones;

the laying out of public squares, the planting of shade trees about the barren and wind-blown streets, (all trees are set in ditches, in order to save what little rain falls,) and in an increasing traffic, a sure indication that the people are not past hope.

To Americans, this old city is interesting as being the place where Ferdinand and Isabella, those patrons of our country's discoverer, were married, and where that same discoverer died. The hall in which the royal couple were married is a plainly furnished room some seventy or eighty feet in length by twenty or twenty-five in width, with a small altar at one end, having over it a figure of the Virgin. On the front of the house where the great navigator died is a small stone tablet, having on it a medallion head of the discoverer, a cornucopia, an anchor, a chart, and these words, "*Aquí murio Colon*"—"Here died Columbus." Valladolid also contains the house in which the famous Spanish writer Cervantes lived, and on the front of the house is a stone tablet with a medallion head of the novelist, bearing this inscription, "*Aquí vivio Cervantes*"—"Here lived Cervantes."

The people of Valladolid do not see many strangers about their streets, and when a party is seen, staring is the order of the day. The cart-wheels of the peasantry have wooden tires, some five inches thick, made fast to the felloes of the wheel, with wooden pins. From the tops of houses, long tin water-conductors project over the sidewalk, giving the passer-by the benefit of a cheap shower-bath every time it rains. Some of the old church fronts in Valladolid are really grand, being covered with great and small figures, cut in stone; and within, their altar-pieces are really wonderful, some of them being twenty to thirty feet in width and twice these figures in height, divided into panels, covered with life-sized figures in wood, painted in lifelike colors, repre-

senting the crucifixion, the nativity, and other scenes and incidents of Bible history. Some of them are wonderfully natural in their appearance.

The museum at Valladolid contains but few good pictures, but it has a wonderful collection of wood-carvings and statues, taken from suppressed monasteries.



VII.

A Poor Country—A Jew's Vow and what came of it—Great Pictures—Bull Pens—Old Armor—Devotees' Offerings—Costly Robes—A Granite Building—Baby-House, etc.

MADRID, SPAIN, November, 1867.

FROM Valladolid to Madrid is eleven hours by rail, through a poor, miserable, sandy, rocky, barren, boulder-covered region, with semi-occasionally a spot of arable land. The road winds its way among desert sand-hills, then along the side of the granite-ribbed Guadarama Mountains, then through a tunnel of rock harder than a miser's heart, then for miles among a few scraggy pines with tops like an open umbrella; once or twice a flock of black, starving sheep is seen diligently searching for a blade of grass; sometimes a few stunted grape-vines show themselves, trying to live, with earth enough for a small hill hoed around their dried-up roots.

Once in a long distance some old town may be seen, occasionally a walled city with old towers that have stood, sentinel-like, for ages. Miles on miles are traveled without seeing a tree; then a solitary withered one is seen, looking down-hearted at being "all alone in the world." Then other miles without cattle or sheep; not a vehicle on the miserable roads; occasionally a lot of loaded donkeys following each other, as only donkeys can.

At the few stations passed on the way, the signal-women

stand statue-like, having on yellow skirts trimmed with scarlet, and holding in their hands a green signal-flag.

A JEW'S VOW.

From the railway may be seen the old walled city of Avila, in which there is a church built by a Jew, of whom it is said that, as he was passing by a certain rock, there came from it a monster snake, which fastened itself around his neck, and was near strangling him. In his great trouble he called on Moses and others of his faith to aid him, but the snake still held on. In his desperation, the choking Hebrew called on the Virgin for aid, vowing to build her a church if she would save him from the snake. The good Virgin took pity on the poor man, and the snake instantly let go, and dropped dead at his feet; and he, like a good man, kept his word, and built a church on the very spot; and there it stands to this day, a monument of the power of the Virgin, and of a Jew's fidelity to his vow.

MADRID—ROYAL PALACE.

Madrid is a fine, well-built city, some two or three thousand feet above the sea, surrounded with plains barren of trees, not far from the Guadarama Mountains, whose snow-clad summits are seen from the city, giving the air, at this season, a very chilly temperature. It has but few churches, none of any grandeur; no cathedral, all attempts to build one having failed. Its public buildings are only so-so-ish, except the Royal Palace, which is said to be one of the finest in Europe. I saw only its exterior. Externally its appearance is quite grand and palace-like, being more impressive than the Palace of the Tuileries. When the Queen is in town, visitors are not admitted inside. She was "at home" (but not to our party) when we were in Madrid, and of course we

could not see the inside of the palace. Spanish etiquette is not plastic.

GREAT PICTURES.

But if Madrid lacks¹ in cathedrals and great buildings, she can claim some of the grandest pictures in the world.

The works of her Murillo, Velasquez, and other masters are found here in all their original beauty.

The picture gallery of Madrid contains more real gems, so say the authorities, than can be found anywhere else. Besides the works of the Spanish masters, there are many by Rubens, (with his usual supply of fat women,) Titian, Raphael, Teniers, (with his Dutch houses and merry-makings,) Van Dyck, (portraits all breathing,) Veronese, etc., a perfect galaxy of the world's wonder-pieces.

Many of these gems are in rooms most miserably lighted, and in positions where they can hardly be seen, but when seen always rivet the spectator as if chain-bound.

For the first time, I have seen pictures that bid me stand—pictures that, once seen, can never be forgotten, human figures that breathe and sigh, and laugh and weep, and dance and grieve; figures that think, that speak the mute language of the soul; that tell of hope, of joy accomplished, of sorrow meekly borne; of all that makes man different from the animal; pictures that the nations might battle for with more of right in their warfare than these old nations often have in their strifes for conquest.

In a dingy old room, in an out of the way gallery, is Murillo's first picture. It represents a fiddling angel appearing to St. Francis. In the same room is a large picture, by that master, of St. Isabel, Queen of Hungary, washing lepers—a picture that can never be forgotten. The face of the saint is one of those sweet, holy, spiritual ones that carry one's mind from earth to heaven; while the disgusting misery

of the filthy, sore-covered lepers takes one down to hell. But few people visit these gems. In one of the galleries there was not a person besides our party, and in the great gallery not a dozen. Such a collection in any other city of Europe would be attractive, but the modern Spaniards care but little for painted canvas.

The old building in which these gems are kept, contains a very excellent collection of minerals; also a skeleton of some ancient monster, as large as a small army of elephants.

BULL PENS.

When riding about the city, we called at the arena where the bull-fights take place. It is a large circular building, only partially roofed, capable of seating some ten thousand persons. We were taken into the pen where the bulls are placed before they are sent into the arena. These are rooms of some twenty feet square, with high stone walls. Over these pens are narrow bridges, on which the trainers stand to torment the bulls with barbed arrows, spears, and other instruments. Before the fighting-men enter the arena, they go into a little chapel sort of a place, kneel before a crucifix, and say their prayers. In a little room adjoining this is an infirmary, provided with litters, beds, etc., for the use of the wounded bull-fighters.

THE QUEEN'S CHURCH.

The church of Atocha contains a Virgin carved by St. Luke. This is a great "pet" of the Queen's, and to it her majesty presents her new-born children. She also attends mass in this church every Saturday evening. At the church-door, after passing lots of beggars, (plenty at all churches,) we passed an armed sentinel, the only instance of that kind I have seen. The figure of the Virgin, which is

such a favorite with the Queen, is a small dark one, placed on the top of the high altar, covered with a richly-embroidered cloak, given by the Queen; a mantle being given on the birth of each of her children, and on the anniversary of each child's birthday, a different one, corresponding with the birthday garment of that child, is placed on the Virgin. These robes are made of silk and velvet, heavily embroidered with gold roses, crowns, and other emblems of royalty; some of the skirts are made of gold and silver thread, beautifully worked by hand, are of different colors, and cost from ten to fifteen thousand dollars each.

The robe worn by her majesty on presenting a child to the Virgin, and on birthday anniversaries, is always left for her use. The grandees of Madrid, who dislike her majesty, rail at her for giving her old clothes to the Virgin.

The church contains the robe worn by the Queen at the time her assassination was attempted in 1852, with marks of blood still on it.

DEVOTEES' OFFERINGS.

Hanging on the walls of the church are seen hundreds of wax arms, feet, legs, eyes, fingers, toes, hearts, kidneys, and other parts of the human body, also, scores of old clothes, crutches, shoes, etc., offerings made by devotees who have been cured of the different maladies symbolized by them, through the intercession of the patron saint of the church.

SCENES IN CHURCH.

In a glass case may be seen a very large head (in painted wood) of Christ; on the top of the case is a full-sized silver shoe. In another part of the church is a life-size wax figure of Christ in a glass coffin, and near that, another glass coffin, containing a full-sized figure of the Virgin in a gold-

embroidered silk dress, a gilded crown on her head, and a golden sceptre in her hand. Mass was being celebrated during our visit, and it was strange to see a devotee kiss the stones of the church-floor. Many females sit on the church-floor, while others kneel.

SCENES IN MADRID.

In front of the royal palace is a pretty little square, around which the children's wagons are drawn by ponies, goats, and sheep, the only place in which I have seen mutton in harness.

From the palace terrace a fine view may be had of the valley below the city, in which acres and acres of drying clothes may be seen, giving the valley the appearance of a snow-field.

Only one Duke here has the right to put his coat-of-arms on the front of his house or palace. Others display theirs on the rear.

In many of the passage-ways leading to the dwellings, tailors sit at work in little criblike boxes; and in many of the narrow streets, cobblers are at work, busy as bees.

The houses of Madrid have all the lower windows barred and grated with iron, as if afraid of somebody.

In the streets, I saw a woman using the stumps of arms for sewing and knitting, having no hands.

Throw a cigar-stump in the street, and some old woman will pick it up as soon as it leaves your fingers. Beggars are plenty. They are great patrons of cigarettes.

The royal stable contains a hundred or more of rather indifferent horses; a few good ones. All have their names on their stalls; among others may be seen Radical, Socialasta, and Puritan. Some of the carriages are very fine; among the old ones may be seen the covered one used by Crazy

Jane, (grandmother of Philip the Second,) in which she carried the body of her dead husband—the faithless, beautiful Philip—from place to place.

The armory contains a few specimens of very fine firearms, and an extensive display of armor, swords, etc.; among others is the suit worn by Columbus. It weighs forty-one pounds, and reaches only to the knee.

That worn by Charles the Fifth is quite large and massive; while that of his son, Philip the Second, is very small, the parts covering the legs being barely large enough to protect a Yankee bean-pole.

The naval museum contains some beautiful models of ships, some ancient and some modern; among others, a pretty little monitor, looking as independent as the heaviest three-decker.

A portrait of Columbus hangs on the wall, and under it the old chart he sailed by, when he set his ships' prows toward the setting sun.

On a table stands a model of his old ship—a queer, Chinese-junk sort of high-stern craft, that looks as if the first breath of wind might have capsized it.

The artillery museum contains a fine display of guns, old and new. In this museum is a fine old tent, used by Charles the Fifth, also by Ferdinand and Isabella, in their campaigns. Part of the robe worn by the renowned Cortez is also shown.

These old museums of Spain contain many things of interest to us of the New World—more than I have ability to describe.

A GRANITE BUILDING.

Of course, we visited the Escorial, that granite monument of the grim Philip.

Think of a granite building, covering several acres of

ground, having twenty-seven hundred windows, twelve thousand doors, fifteen cloisters, (for monks and priests,) sixteen court-yards, forty altars, eighty-six staircases, three thousand feet of fresco painting, eighty-nine fountains, and more miles of corridors, passage-ways, galleries, and halls than the best horse in America could travel over between "sun and sun," and all granite, nothing but granite, over head and under foot, on the right and on the left; granite walls, stairs, arches, curves, angles, columns, balustrades; a granite dome, three hundred feet high, granite to its cap-stone, granite turrets, towers, vaults; huge blocks of the hardest, grayest granite ever piled up, and all put together in the most perfect manner.

Imagine the highest part of the Palisades near New-York bored and tunneled, and drilled, and arched, and angled, and curved, and doored, and turreted; filled with chapels, altars, staircases, galleries, pictures, statues, tombs, cloisters, palaces, fortresses, crucifixes, all and every thing that a powerful, bigoted, educated, despotic, earnest, and energetic sovereign could form into a great, gloomy, cold compound of castle, monastery, and palace, and you have a faint idea of what the Escorial is. Some of the rooms in the palace part are wonders of taste and real elegance, fitted up with the most gorgeously colored tapestries, floors inlaid with fancy woods, in every room, curious old clocks, costly marbles, vases, etc.

Adjoining the high altar of the church is a little marble room, in which Philip the Second used to sit, and, through a sliding window, witness the celebration of mass. As I looked through that window on the magnificent fittings of the grand old altar, the voice of a chanting monk came echoing along the massive arches and around the great granite columns, seeming to say, in soft, mellow tones, "Heretic, disturb not the rest of those who sleep beneath;"

for under this great altar is the marble-arched vault in which is placed all that remains of the old Spanish monarchs—a dark, gloomy sepulchre, down into which we entered, each person bearing a lighted candle.

By the side of the little room in which Philip sat to witness mass (and in which he died) is another small room which he used as a workshop and office. It contains his old leather-bottomed chair, a couple of stools that he used to rest his lame legs on, a little work-bench, and a table and chair for his secretary.

Take it all in all, the Escorial is a marvel too great to be described in a letter like this.

A BABY PALACE.

A short distance from this massive pile of architected granite is a small building, called the “Casa del Infant,” a baby-house, built for Don Gabriel, a Spanish prince.

Though small, it is one of the most beautiful little houses ever seen, full of pretty things, of gold, of silver, of glass, of ivory, of porcelain; walls covered with embroidered silk; floors of choice fancy woods, beautifully inlaid.

In one room, there are three hundred and sixty-five framed specimens of white, raised or embossed porcelain, comprising figures of men, animals, trees, plants, flowers, etc.; and in another room scores of ivory carvings of the same sort of subjects, the leaves of some of these plants in ivory being almost as thin and transparent as a spider’s web—perfect little marvels of patient industry and consummate skill.

As we left this little child’s palace, the setting sun burnished the adjacent snow-capped mountains with rays of crimson-tinted gold, giving the scene an appearance of beauty and grandeur seldom seen.



VIII.

Sunday Sport—A Bull-Fight.

MADRID, SPAIN, November, 1867.

DESIRING to see a bull-fight, I provided myself with a ticket, of which the following is a copy :

TOROS.	PLAZA DE TOROS.	PLAZA DE TOROS.
	<i>FUNGION DE NOVILLOS.</i>	
	PALCO NUM. 5.	
	TABLONCILLO.	
	PRECIO : CUATRO REALES.	

I passed between two rows of guards, having muskets with fixed bayonets, and found my seat.

The arena or ring is over two hundred feet in diameter ; around it is a strong fence, about five and a half feet high. Some eighteen inches above the level of the arena, on the inside of the fence, and against it, is a step running the entire circuit of the ring, placed there to aid the men in jumping the fence when pursued by the bull. Some six feet beyond this fence is another one, a little higher ; and back of this are the stone seats, rising amphitheatre fashion, to the covered boxes occupied by the higher classes.

At convenient distances, gates are placed in the first fence—that is, the one next the ring—which, on opening, turn out across the space formed by the first and second fences. These gates are thus arranged for the purpose of turning the bull back into the ring or arena when he jumps the first fence, as he sometimes does.

This space between these two fences is a favorite spot for the young men to stand, and thrust sticks into the bull whenever they can.

The seats were full of people—perhaps ten thousand men, women, boys, girls, and babies in their mothers' arms.

At a signal, two or three sickly looking fellows in uniform ride into the ring, march slowly around it, and go out. Another signal, a blast on a bugle, and in come the gayly clad wretches that are to tease and torment the bull. Another blast on the bugle, and then enter three or four poor, miserable old horses, (to instantly kill which would be kindness,) with one eye blinded, ridden by men having their legs cased in iron, to prevent their being hurt by the bull or by the horses falling on them. Each of these mounted horsemen with iron-clad legs has a long stick looking like a bean-pole, which he carries on the blind side of his horse, for the purpose of thrusting at the bull, but which is so seldom needed that it appears to be carried more for show than use.

Ten gaudily dressed fellows, mounted and on foot, place themselves in front of the manager of the delightful sports that are to follow, make obeisance, scatter themselves about the ring—the bugle again sounds, a gate is opened, and in bounds a fine-looking dark-brown bull, with beautiful head and horns. (These Spanish bulls do not have the short, horizontal horns and thick, heavy, curly necks of American bulls, but the horns are longer, tapering, and stand up,

spreading apart as they grow, more like the horns of the working-oxen of New-England.)

He is smarting with pain from the barb and spear wounds he has received in the pen; his shoulders are bloody; he is frightened, mad with anger; he passes a horse conveniently placed near the gate for him to attack, dives at one of the tormentors who bears a bright-colored cloth, or rather dives at the cloth, the cowardly fellow that holds it before the animal taking good care to keep his worthless carcass out of the way of the bull's horns. These fellows have different high-sounding names, as Picador, Bandarillo, Matadore, etc.; but I shall drop all these and simply call them tormentors, teasers, etc. I shall not even style them bull-fighters, for they don't fight the bull at all, not one of them.

Another red rag is held before the bull at arm's length by another tormentor; the bull dives at it, fastens his horns in it; tormentor drops it, runs for the fence; bull after him; tormentor jumps the fence; bull attacks other red rags; other tormentors jump the fence. The crowd don't like such tame sport. A blast of the bugle, and another tormentor enters with gayly trimmed barbed arrows, about three feet long; these he is to place in the shoulders of the bull, to increase his rage and make him attack the horses. He approaches the animal from the side, don't face him like a man; and while the attention of the bull is drawn to the red rag of another tormentor, succeeds, after several attempts, in planting the barbs in the bull's shoulder, whereat the crowd shout their approval; bull rushes round the ring with the arrows in his shoulder, bleeding as he goes; sees one of the old horses, (mounted by iron-clad legs;) poor old horse can't see bull, for the blinded side of these fiery steeds is always kept to the animal. Bull pitches at the old horse; disembowels him; tumbles him over on to iron-clad legs, (any

boy could throw him down, so weak is he from poverty of flesh;) the crowd shout; tormentors draw near with red rags to attract bull's attention, for fear he may pitch into iron-clad legs; legs are pulled from under horse, iron-clads and all; horse is lifted up; iron-clad legs go out of the ring, limping; another iron-clad takes his horse, and the sport goes on, but it is too tame to suit the crowd of men, women, boys, girls, and babies in arms; so the bugle is sounded, and another gayly dressed tormentor enters, and, after more attempts, and more aid by other tormentors with red rags, plants two more barbs in the bull's shoulders, to the great delight of the crowd. Bull gets more angry, chases other red rags; other tormentors leap the fence; two more barbs are planted in the bull's shoulders; he pitches into another old horse, rips open his belly, drags out his entrails, throws him on to iron-clad legs; red rags again come to the rescue of iron-clad legs; horse is killed; but this bull is too tame to suit the crowd, and the bull-killer is called in to dispatch him, which, after several attempts, he does, by thrusting a long, keen lance into his neck near the shoulder.

The first horse wounded by the bull has his entrails pushed back into his body, and is taken out of the ring, to be brought back again for another bull to finish. The first bull is removed; the tormentors, with red rags, take their places; the iron-clad legs straddle other fiery steeds with one eye blinded; the gate again opens, and in comes a fine, dark yellow bull, with a barb in his shoulder, the blood coloring his handsome coat, his eyes flashing anger. With a bound he knocks over old horse number one; crowd shouts; evidently there is fire in this fellow; the tormentors with red rags attract his attention; he scatters them in all directions, they leap the inner fence, so does the bull; the ten thousand shout; the crowd in the circle between the two fences run

and jump as only Spanish cowards can. The gates are opened across the inner circle; the bull's flight is checked, and he is turned once more into the ring; rushes madly at horse number two, (number one having died,) who stands with his blind side toward him and with his entrails protruding, (the one disemboweled by bull number one,) throws him on to iron-clad legs number two; the crowd shout, the boys yell, the women wave their handkerchiefs; the tormentors with red rags draw near; the bull chases them; they drop their rags, leap the fences; so does the bull. More shouting; the crowd in that circular space run again; the gates are thrown open across the track of the bull, and he enters the ring again, to leap the fence and drive out the brave young men five times more, to the great delight of the ten thousand.

After leaping that high fence seven times, and killing three horses and wounding others, he begins to lag a little. The bugle sounds, the wretches with barbs enter, and the bull is pierced by four of the long arrows, to the great pleasure of the crowd. Then he rushes madly about the ring, tears red rags to pieces, and pitches into two dead horses; tears off their saddles and throws them into the air; crowd shouts. He drives at horse number three; horse is whipped and goaded into a limping attempt at galloping across the arena; the bull chases him; the crowd yell with delight; the horse is knocked over; is gored; handkerchiefs flutter with glee; the children scream with delight; tormentors with red rags remove iron-clad legs from the fury of the bull; he gores the horse; crowd clap hands; bull chases the teasers; they leap the fence; he can't, he is too tired, has lost too much blood; he walks around the ring, holding his nose on top of the fence. Brave young men next the fence thrust sticks in his face; poke his sides; more barbs are thrust into his shoulders. Horse number three can't get up for iron-clad

legs to mount again; gayly dressed teasers thrash him with sticks as big as a man's thumb; pound him over the head, on the body, on the legs, twist his tail almost off, kick him—all in vain, the poor creature can't get up; bull drives them out of the ring. Dying horse lifts up his poor old head, looks imploringly around for help as pitifully as only a suffering horse can look, but no pity in that crowd of human devils, no mercy in that ring, except with the bull, for he utterly refuses to approach him again. Two, four, six, eight barbs are in bull's shoulders; he arouses a little, shows a little anger at the red rags, drops on his knees, begs for mercy; tormentors get him on his feet again; he tries to chase them; he can't. The gayly dressed killer comes, and after making several efforts, aided by the tormentors with the red rags, who attract the bull's attention, succeeds in planting the merciful steel in his neck, and he dies; the gates open; mules come in; the dead bull and the three dead horses are drawn out; a rope is placed around the neck of the horse who is not yet dead, and the mules draw him out, kicking as he goes, to the great pleasure of the ten thousand, who clap their hands and shout with joy.

Bull number three is introduced with the same bugle-calls, and tormentors, and teasers, and iron-clad legs; but, as he is a tame fellow, only knocking over two or three old horses, not goring any of them—not letting out their entrails—not jumping the fence—in fact, showing no pluck, he is soon dispatched by the killer, and bull number four enters. And as he, too, is rather tame, don't gore any old horses, don't jump the fence, the bugle sounds, and three two-legged devils lead in, or rather are pulled in by, three devils on four legs in the shape of monster bull-dogs and huge bloodhounds, who, in their haste to attack the poor bull, pull and try to break the thongs that hold them.

In a moment they are loose. With a silent bound, they fasten on the poor beast—at his throat, at his nose, at his hams. The bull throws one dog in the air, tramples on another; the crowd shout; the two tossed and trampled dogs are up again; again they fasten their deadly teeth in his flesh; this time, for certain, the bull tries to run with them; the dogs are too heavy; he can't carry them; he struggles; the crowd yell; the bull tries to shake them off; he can't; the dogs' teeth are too deeply imbedded in his flesh; they draw blood, they bite deeper; he grows weak, gets on to his knees, begs for mercy. Human-devils on two legs have no more mercy than dog-devils on four legs; the dogs are not taken off; the bull dies.

The crowd are pleased; they clap their hands and shout; tormentors, teasers, and iron-clad legs make their obeisance to the managing devil, and the sport is over.

This is what the Spanish people call a "bull-fight." A more absurd misnomer could not be applied to any thing. Fighting implies a conflict between persons or creatures somewhat equal; but there is no fighting here, unless the poor bull's efforts to defend himself from the three great dogs can be called a fight; but surely that was no fight. Three to one, where either of the three is more than a match for the one, is no fight at all.

The tormentors with red rags don't fight the bull; they hold their rags before him at arm's length, keeping themselves to one side of the animal as he dives at the rags; and even when he hits a rag, these gayly dressed cowards drop it, run, and get over the fence. The red rags can't fight; tormentors with iron-clad legs sit quietly on their poor old horses, holding their bean-poles harmlessly on the blind side; they make no attempt at fighting the bull—not they.

The killer who plants the lance in the bull's neck don't

fight; he watches his opportunity to plant his steel while the bull is attracted by the red rags of the tormentors. There is nothing like a fight at any time. The bull would fight if he had a chance, but the tormentors, and iron-clads, and killers, and bull-dogs, and bloodhounds give him no opportunity for a fight, nor any show for his life—none whatever.

The whole affair is simply and purely a bloody, cruel, barbarous method of murdering poor old horses and worrying bulls to death—nothing more, nothing less.



IX.

Toledo, its Narrow Streets and Great Church—A Stone made Hollow by Kissing—Costly Robes—Cordova and its Mosque—Church of a Thousand Columns—Bull's Head—Bridles without Bits—How Spaniards warm their Rooms—Olive Orchards—Seville, its Beggars—Moorish Gardens—Narrow Streets—Wonderful Cathedral—Pig Dressing—Cure for Sore Eyes, etc.

SEVILLE, SPAIN, December, 1867.

ON our way south from Madrid we halted at the old walled city of Toledo, standing sentry-like on a hill; a very ancient place, with many of its streets so narrow that vehicles can not enter; some not more than four feet in width, and the broadest mere alleys, all crooked and hilly; so crooked and narrow are they that on leaving before daylight in the morning, we had to walk a long distance to an open square for the omnibus, the streets being so dark and narrow that it could not be driven to the hotel.

It is a dirty place, its alleys, streets, and cramped squares giving abundant evidence that the virtue of cleanliness is not cultivated by the people. It has but few sights worth seeing; no museum: but what it lacks in this it more than makes up in its great cathedral, one of those grand old temples that the past erected for the generations to worship in

and wonder at; one of those stupendous buildings that awe the spectator.

It dates back to the sixth century; is full of ancient things, tombs, pictures, (all in bad light;) grotesque figures in stone and wood; queer old altar-pieces; mementoes of superstitious reverence, etc. Among other things is a chapel, devoted to St. Lucia, the patron saint of oculists, the front and sides of which are covered with wax eyes, offerings of those whose eyes have been healed by the influence of that good saint. The Chapel of the Virgin is on the very spot where she alighted on her visit to St. Idelfonso, when, on passing her statue she embraced it, and invested her champion (an early advocate of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception) with a robe.

The stone on which the Virgin alighted is placed in a jasper column, and has been kissed by believers till it is hollowed out like an oblong saucer. The bas-reliefs and bronzes about the high altar are really wonderful; in fact, the entire building, outside and in, is worth a long journey to see.

RICH WARDROBE.

The wardrobe of the Virgin is said to exceed in magnificence and value that of any queen now living; one of her gold and silver mantles having on it over seventy thousand pearls, and her crown, made three hundred years ago, costing five thousand pounds, (in those cheap days,) without the pints of costly jewels and precious stones with which it is covered. This is one robe on an inanimate figure—outside of the building in which it is shown, hundreds of animate beggars are seen with scarcely any robes at all, poor, lean, dirty, ragged creatures, without mind, intelligence, or any thing to raise them above the level of the brute.

On the front wall of the Church of the Kings, scores of iron chains are seen hanging, chains worn by captives taken in battle, and presented to the church in gratitude for their deliverance from captivity.

Toledo also contains several buildings that were once Jewish synagogues and Moorish mosques, but which have been converted into churches. Among them is one of Moorish architecture, in front of which, so the story runs, as the Cid's horse was one day passing it, he stopped and reverently knelt down, upon which the church wall in front of him opened, and Christ's image was found in a niche, with the lighted lamps in front of it that had been placed there by the Goths hundreds of years previous, the oil put in the lamps by that highly cultivated people not then having burnt out.

CORDOVA AND SCENES THEREIN.

From Toledo we traveled to Cordova, the Cordova of old, a city more pleasant than dirty Toledo. Here we had our first view of oranges, lemons, dates, and palms, etc., growing in the open air. This city claims the first street that was paved in Europe. We were shown through it. It is very narrow, paved with cobble-stones in the centre, while a narrow flagging borders the sides. The Cathedral of Cordova was once a Moorish mosque, and its thousand stone columns, (all with different capitals,) with horse-shoe arches resting on them, bewilder the spectator and excite his wonder. Cordova with its Moorish style of houses and their pretty courtyards looks cheerful, but does not contain much besides its cathedral and a few Moorish ruins to interest the traveler. In the Club House there may be seen, carefully preserved in a glass case, the head of a bull who in one day killed eigh-

teen horses and one man. Pity the figures had not been reversed.

In the market-place were great piles of the largest white onions I ever saw; most of them would measure six inches in diameter. A nice little tidbit was for sale, in the shape of fowls' entrails, roasted and rolled up in sweet-looking packages, resembling twisted sticks of greasy charcoal—good food for the tormentors that worry bulls to death and help to murder old horses in the bull-rings. Passing a little shop, a mere hole in the side of a house, we saw a man sitting at a turning-lathe, working in wood.

The motive power of the lathe was a bow-string worked by the right hand, while with the left hand and right foot he guided his cutting tool.

BRIDLES WITHOUT BITS.

Many horses and mules in this part of Spain are driven without bits, the guiding gear being an iron band placed on the animal's nose, with projecting eyes or hooks on the sides, in which the reins are fastened.

There is no timber or forest to be seen. Buildings all of stone or brick; stone or tile roofs and floors.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

No fire-places or stoves in the dwellings. When the weather is chilly, a few embers made of charred twigs are placed in a large brass dish, in shape like an American milk-pan, with a huge flange or rim. This is placed in the middle of the room on the floor, and the people sit round it wrapped in shawls and cloaks.

At some of the best hotels, even this poor substitute for a good fire can not be had, and travelers suffer with cold, as the nights are quite chilly, when at midday it is quite warm.

Aside from lack of means to warm their rooms, the Spanish hotels are quite comfortable. Their beds are clean and tidy; often have the sheets trimmed with lace. Their employees generally attentive, though all smoke, smoke, smoke their everlasting cigarettes.

NO VEHICLES.

The scarcity of vehicles in this country is very noticeable, scarcely any carts or wagons being used for work purposes; every thing is carried on the backs of donkeys.

They carry vegetables, dirt, stone, water, brick, fruit, furniture, men, women, and children: in fact, almost every thing that can be put in baskets or bags or boxes is thus transported, and to a stranger it is quite amusing to see these patient creatures follow each other by the dozen, score, or hundred, each one with his great load; and when loaded with bundles of straw or green bushes as they often are, nothing can be seen of them but their little feet, pattering along over the pavements as patiently as if they were never kicked and pounded as none but Spanish donkeys are.

Between Cordova and Seville, the land is generally good and nearly all under cultivation. In one field I saw over thirty ox teams following each other with plows, or rather rooting tools; for plowing as we understand it is not practiced hereabout. The land is merely scratched, about as deep as a pig in an American forest roots for nuts. The railway is lined with hedges of cactus and a large plant resembling the century.

The horses of Spain are not very handsome; have large bellies; carry their tails straight down, close to their legs, just as a motherless colt does when he turns tail to a cold rain.

The olive orchards look very pretty. At a distance the olive-tree looks like an American apple-tree; but on nearing

it, the resemblance ceases. The leaves are much smaller, darker in color, have a glossy surface, and the trunks are scraggy.

SEVILLE AND ITS SIGHTS.

We arrived at Seville on Thursday, our Thanksgiving, and in honor of that American institution had a roast turkey and other good things—a dozen or so of Americans, mostly New-Yorkers, surrounding the table.

Seville is a very cozy city, with clean streets, white-washed houses, with pretty court-yards, paved with colored marble, and ornamented with plants, orange and lemon trees.

The houses here, as in other Spanish cities, have their windows barred and grated with heavy irons even their semi-nary windows are barred to the top story.

Some of our party wanted to see the house once occupied by the notorious Don Juan; so we went to the place indicated in the guide-book, but the house could not be found. In reply to inquiries as to which house the rascal lived in, we were told that there was no such person living in the neighborhood—in fact, had never been heard of; whereat the “house-hunters” became disgusted, and to console themselves went to the convent or monastery where he died. That was some satisfaction.

Before returning to the hotel, we passed the shop once occupied by “The Barber of Seville;” but he was not in—had been absent some time; his return was uncertain; so we missed seeing him. Beggars abound in Seville; here, there, everywhere; at the church-doors, in the churches, around the stairs, in front of the chapels, at the fountains, in the squares—indeed, we pass between rows of them in the courtyard entrance to our hotel; in fact, the numbers seem to increase as we travel south.

Seville is a closely built city. Its streets are narrow, houses high to keep the sun out of them, "keeping cool" being the most important thing to do in this climate. From the tower of the cathedral the city presents nothing but whitewashed houses, interspersed with a few old churches and some pretty little squares surrounded by orange and lemon trees, under which the natives sit and puff their cigarettes, beggars and all.

Water is supplied by peddlers, who carry it in jars and kegs on the backs, or rather the sides, of donkeys, for the huge racks or frames in which the jars are carried cover the animal's sides, while the lazy owner often rides on the back of the patient creature.

At the fountains, one may see scores of these animals being loaded with water-jugs, and in front of the houses others stand, while the empty jar is brought out and the full one taken in.

This method of getting water prevails in this part of the world. The water is stored in large earthen jars, such as the forty thieves were secreted in, each jar being quite large enough for a man to get into.

But few of the stores or shops have windows, the open doorway supplying all the light they have.

An apothecary shop has its doors closed. By the sides thereof are little windows with a sliding sash, which the customer pushes aside to give his orders to the shopkeeper, and by means of which he returns the thing wanted.

The picture gallery contains some choice works by Murillo, (Seville was his home,) and in a little, dark, gloomy church attached to a hospital are two of the great master's best pictures, "Moses Smiting the Rock" and "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," both placed so high upon the

church-walls as to be almost out of sight, though enough can be seen to show the great artist's genius.

There are many of his pictures to be found in the churches here, but all in dark and obscure places. These people seem to have but little taste for art; cock-fighting, murdering poor old horses, and tormenting bulls to death being more to their liking.

MOORISH PALACE.

Near the cathedral is the "Alcazar," a portion of a once grand Moorish mosque, founded some seven hundred years ago. It consists of the usual highly-ornamented, stuccoed, marble-floored rooms, halls, and corridors peculiar to that class of buildings, most of which have been spoiled in appearance by the hands of those who drove the Moors out of Spain—men who did not understand and could not appreciate the luxurious taste of the vanquished. Some royal marriages and kingly murders have taken place in it—murders of treachery, of hate, of ambition and royal jealousy.

Under a portion of the palace are the remains of the Royal Baths, dark, stone-walled, and marble-floored.

In one of these a mistress of Don Pedro the Cruel used to bathe in presence of the king and his courtiers, each of whom showed his gallantry by drinking of the water as she left the bath. The gardens of this old palace are quite pretty, being full of flowers, orange-trees loaded with golden fruit, choice plants, sweet lemon-trees, bananas, palms, etc., but the old walls around them, and the old fountains in them, speak more of the past than of the present.

One can not visit these old places, once so full of all that life is made of, but now so desolate, without feelings of sadness mixed with admiration.

Women sweep the streets with little short brushes made of

grass, without handles, stooping over almost to the ground to do their work.

While at dinner at the public table of the hotel, a Spanish gentleman (not a guest of the house) sat down to visit a guest, took out his cigar, and puffed away till dinner was over, notwithstanding there were several American ladies at the table. Rather a queer custom.

In the markets, vegetables and fruits are always sold by weight, never by measure.

A GRAND CATHEDRAL.

On entering the Cathedral of Seville for the first time, the visitor is appalled, struck dumb with wonder, overwhelmed, feels perfectly insignificant, stops, looks, takes another step or two, halts, looks up toward the stone-vaulted ceiling, moves again, again stops, gazes at the massive stone columns that support the roof; his eyes dilate, his mind expands; he looks at the stained glass window through which the sun is forming all the colors of the rainbow; he walks slowly around one of the great stone columns, wonders how far it is around it, looks up to its top, tries to guess how high it is, looks at a moving figure at the other end of the nave, wonders whether it is a man or child, moves again, looks at the great organs, would like to know how many yards it is from the marble floor to their tops, so very tall and steeple-like are they, again he moves on, begins to walk toward the far off part of the building; he walks, and looks and walks, and turns around to see the door at which he entered; it is lost in the distance; he too is lost in wonder.

This cathedral is one of the most magnificent in Europe, ranking very near to the great St. Peter's of Rome.

We spent a long time, in fact several long times, in visiting it, looking into its chapels, examining its pictures, seeing

the gorgeous robes of its priests, looking at its tons of silver and pounds of gold, and measures of precious stones.

The chapels were not open; but on furnishing the person in charge with a silver key, (one that has locked and unlocked many another door for weal or woe,) we gained access to all we desired to see. As the heavy iron gates groaned and swayed on their rusty hinges, they reminded one more of prison-gates than of the sanctuary. But this is the custom here. Every thing is barred and bolted, and spiked and grated, even the minds of the people. The royal chapel was built to contain the bodies of royal personages. In the sides are recesses containing royal tombs covered with cloth of gold, on which are emblazoned the royal arms; the walls and ceilings of the recesses being covered with velvet, on which the royal arms are also seen.

The front of the high altar in this chapel is of silver, with a large cloth of gold, on which figures of men are elegantly embossed. Just over this altar is a figure of the Virgin, with St. Ferdinand's crown on her head, and over her is placed a large silver canopy, having in it a massive emerald, hanging directly over the crown.

In front of the altar there hangs a very large silver lamp. Under the altar are the remains of St. Ferdinand, which are carried in solemn procession about the city on certain days, on which occasions the ivory crucifix used by the saint is also carried.

TOBACCO.

The Spanish government have a very large tobacco factory here, employing some four thousand females. It is a very large building, some six hundred feet square. It turns out vast quantities of snuff, cigars, and cigarettes. The motive power for grinding is purely Spanish—mules. The walls of

the vast rooms in which the women work are covered with their out-door garments, all changing their clothes on going to work.

Among the operatives were many children, and by the side of many of the elder females were little boxes and baskets, each with a fat, black-eyed little "babby," while in other boxes might be seen pet dogs.

At the head of the staircase, which all have to ascend to reach their work, there is a picture of the Virgin, surrounded with flowers and other offerings, made by the pious ones among the girls.

Large numbers of the females employed in this concern are pure gypsies, with the hair and black, fiery eye peculiar to the Spanish branch of that strange people.

Passing through one of the suburban streets, we saw men dressing a large pig just slaughtered. Instead of scalding the carcass, as is done in America, the hair and bristles were singed off, just as a cook singes a chicken.

I suppose this is done to save the skin, which is used as a cask to carry wine in.



X.

*Seville to Granada via Malaga—Orange, Fig, and Palm Trees
—Beggars—A Cemetery—Impudent People—Raisin Girls
—A Stage Ride—Cruel Drivers—Armed Guards—Peculiar
Scenery—Wine-Shop Sign—Archbishop, etc.,*

GRANADA, SPAIN, December, 1867.

FROM Seville, whence I last wrote you, to Malaga *via* Cordova, is a long day's ride, through a very fine country, occasionally broken into by wild mountain scenery, cut and gullied by great gorges and deep ravines.

As we approached Malaga, we rode for miles through orange orchards, loaded to the very ground with golden fruit, and other miles through groves of fig-trees, now destitute of foliage. Fig-tree, at this season look like small American butternut-trees.

Occasionally a tall palm, with its beautiful crest of green, would smile complacently on its orange and fig bearing neighbors, and sometimes would shake its datey fruit boastingly over their heads.

Malaga is on a small bay well sheltered from the winds of the Mediterranean, and is flanked on the north by a range of very high hills, and back of these are great mountains.

The loading and unloading of vessels is done by lighters, the waters of the bay being too shallow to admit of their lay-

ing alongside the little quays, which, unlike our wharves, slope down to the water.

The city does not contain much to interest the traveler.

A CEMETERY.

On a hillside just out of the city there is a burying-ground for Protestants and strangers. As we rambled through it, we saw the graves of a few Americans who had died in this far-off land, away from home and friends. But it matters not where the dead sleep, whether on the shores of the blue Mediterranean or in the valleys of the land of the setting sun, the judgment-day will find all. To be the right man in the right place when alive is the great duty; that done, no matter where the dead lie down.

The tombstones in the cemetery are lettered red and black; the first letter of a name or sentence being in red. Some of the graves are covered with cement, are raised some inches above the ground, and painted red, giving them the appearance of stained pine coffins. Many graves are thus made and covered with scallop shells laid in cement, giving them a rather singular appearance, and indicating that the deceased died at sea, or was a seafaring person.

BEGGARS.

Malaga is full of beggars, old and young, some with one arm, some with none; some with one leg, some with none; some with one eye, some with none. Some on crutches and others on none; one man on his hands and knees, his feet sticking out behind him, with their soles turned up on a line with his hips, a poor, ragged, forlorn creature, smoking the irrepressible cigarette. Blind beggars peddle lottery tickets.

The people of Malaga complimented us by staring at us at every turn; if we halted to look at any thing, we were instantly surrounded by men, women, boys, and girls, and many

of them appeared to be persons of the better class who ought to have been more polite.

As we rode through the streets, the shopkeepers would jump or rather fall over their counters—for your true Spanish shopman is too lazy to jump—and run to their doors to see us pass, and make such remarks as pleased them.

Spanish people are not so polite as the French. Strangers are not thus rudely gazed at in France.

The fish-dealers of Malaga carry their merchandise in broad, shallow baskets hanging to cords tied over their elbows, their hands being placed on their hips for support, an awkward way of doing a very simple thing.

Many of the streets of Malaga, like those in most of these old towns, are so narrow that people have to ensconce themselves in doorways to get out of the way of a passing vehicle, but as only a few vehicles are used, they are not much troubled in this way.

A DRY RIVER.

There is a small river running through Malaga, or rather, a place where there is a river when there is any water—which is but seldom, there having been but seven days' rain in eight months. The banks of this waterless stream are walled in through the city to protect the houses from the floods, for floods do sometimes come and carry off all before them. Now the river-bed is as dry and dusty as any dusty highway

RAISIN GIRLS.

As we were walking about the city we went into a raisin warehouse to see the girls pack the sweet fruit for foreign markets. We had scarcely entered before my companion, a good-looking New-York publisher, had a 'kerchief tied around his arm by one of the girls, who at the same time gave him

A Stage Ride—Cruel

a bunch of raisins. These girls all strangers for the purpose of getting a be considered insulting to return th without a piece of silver.

After a brief sojourn at Malaga, v the Granada of Alhambra fame.

A STAGE RIDE—CRUEL

We left Malaga before daylight of on the top of the stage, drawn by six on the lead—the near horse being rid Spaniard, who displayed great dexter mounting and in managing the team. had a manager or conductor, who s the diligence, (as the stage is called,) foot, where the road was ascending, horses; a guard by the side of the teeth and feet, for he had pistols in his guard, armed with muskets, on the st

Thus provided with riders and m and guards, we bounded off up the cõrners, through crooked, narrow stre and up the hills and over the mounta eral thousand feet to reach Granada.

As we ascended the hills, daylight showing us Malaga and the Mediter the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas i commenced the most outrageous whi ing of mules, yelling of drivers, ever v tals. No matter how hard the poor l ter how much they puffed and blo strained—whack and pound, and po yell and scream, and kick and strike—

—all had to take such blows as poor beasts always take from human brutes.

The off-horse seemed to be the favorite pounding-ground for the whipper on foot, who would steal up behind him, and, while the poor lame creature was straining every muscle, sweating at every pore, he would, with all his might, lay a great thick stick on his bare ribs, over his head, on his legs, and on his flanks—all the while the manager on the box yelling in concert with him on foot, making the hillsides echo with blows and howlings.

Such shouts as “a-yah,” “a-yah,” “pastorah,” “pastorah,” “vallay-roastah,” “vallay-roastah,” “whoop,” “whoop,” intermixed and sandwiched with Spanish curses and Spanish blows, were the music with which we wound our way up the hill.

Spanish teamsters are the most cruel wretches that ever tormented working-cattle, just the creatures to worry bulls to death with bloodhounds, and murder old horses with pain-maddened bullocks, in a bull-ring.

SINGULAR LANDSCAPE AND SCENERY.

The scene around us, as we wound our way up the zigzag road, turning its abrupt curves on a lively gallop, as we always did, no matter how dangerous, was one of singular beauty and grandeur.

Beneath us, on the south, lay Malaga with its narrow streets, dry rivers, impudent people, and shallow bay, bounded by the blue sea, while on the east, the north, and west, rose up hill on hill, and back of these great, high mountains of rock, without a tree, or plant, or shrub to hide their stony nakedness; and back, far back of these, in the north and east the morning's sun was gilding the snow peaks of the Sierras.

The hills nearest us were the most peculiar ones I ever saw;

some looking like huge ant-hills, overtopping each other, some like great pyramids, others like huge sugar-loaves; some, like monster animals with glossy coats, while between and all around them were ravines, gullies, and on their tops, up on their highest peaks, were the whitewashed cottages of the peasants, standing like so many watch-towers solitary and alone, not a green thing around them.

Winding around these hills, mule paths are seen in all directions, leading from house to house and to the great highway, twisting and crooked as serpents.

In the spring and summer, when covered with crops, these hills must look beautiful, but now, being bare of verdure and all under cultivation, showing nothing but brown earth, not a blade of grass or green tree, they look barren and cheerless.

On and up we went, hour after hour, till we passed the hills and began our descent toward the railway that was to take us to Granada. It is easier going down hill than up, and as the whipper could not run as fast as the poor beasts could travel down the hill, they were relieved from his merciless pounding.

ARMED GUARDS.

At regular intervals we passed armed guards patrolling the road, two by two; while men at work on the highway had their guns conveniently near them, and nearly every solitary traveler, whether on mule-back or on foot, had a musket, giving a stranger the impression that somebody was afraid.

SPANISH PEASANTS.

The peasants were generally poor-looking, meanly clad in trousers of goat and sheep skins, with hair and wool on, their feet wrapped in rags, tied with grass and straw strings, and a dirty blanket over their shoulders, the outer corner or portion

always being carried on the left shoulder, never over the right. This is also the custom with those who wear cloaks. I have seen but two men in Spain wear the cloak or shawl in any other manner.

Occasionally we met a few peasants decently clothed in cloth garments, trousers opened and laced on the outside of the leg, and reaching to the knee, the calf and ankle covered with white stockings, and sometimes these were protected from the saddle by neat leather leggings laced on the outside, making a very picturesque and pleasing costume.

SCARCITY OF FUEL.

The people are bothered for fuel. True, they need but little; but, like the Irishman who boasted how much he could buy at home for sixpence, if he only had one, the trouble with the people is, to get the little needed; and the women could be seen gathering up, and carrying home on their heads, such little twigs as they could find in the fields where a few scraggy grape-vines had been trimmed, or where a straggling olive-tree had dropped a decayed branch.

The mode of cultivation is very rude, and their tools inconvenient.

Instead of breaking up their land with the plow, they use a short, crooked, hook-shaped tool, resembling a cooper's adze, with which they dig up the earth; so short and crooked is it that, to get the edge or blade into the ground, the workman must bend over till his face almost touches the earth; then, with a blow to drive the hook into the ground, and a jerk to turn it up, he makes out to fit the ground for the harrow and the scratching thing used as a plow, that being the last tool used, instead of being the first.

I saw forty men in a row, thus hooking up the earth. Such a thing as a shovel or spade, either of which would

enable a man to do four times the work with great ease, I have not seen in Spain.

This part of Spain eats a little pork, the raw material for which is seen in droves of black pigs, no other color being in favor.

As I agree with Moses on the pork question, I can not tell whether the flesh of these colored individuals is good, bad, or indifferent.

Spanish farmers have no barns ; they need none in their dry climate.

Where grain is raised, it is thrashed in the field, on a stone or brick-paved thrashing-floor, hundreds of which are seen between Malaga and Granada. They are from fifty to one hundred feet in diameter, simply a level, paved plateau.

Before reaching the railway, we passed through the old city of Lojar, founded by some Roman marauder before Christianity began. Over the door of a low wine-shop was a sign telling the thirsty that it was the Posado del Jesus Nazareno ; in other words, the Wine-Shop of Jesus of Nazareth !

Rather a queer sign for Protestant eyes.

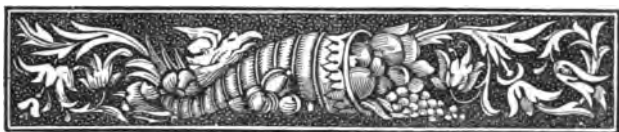
AN ARCHBISHOP.

We finally reached the rail, and sped on for Granada ; but before getting there, we halted at a little, decayed village, around the depot of which quite a crowd had collected to witness the departure of the Archbishop of the province. His reverence was a fine-looking, old gentleman of some sixty years, who seemed to be greatly beloved by the people, many of whom had the pleasure of kissing his hand, which he kindly held out for any body and every body that could reach it.

As the cars started off, the crowd set up cheer on cheer for their spiritual leader, just as our American heretics would

cheer a departing politician who had made a good speech. It seemed a strange way of showing respect for a religious dignitary; but as the affair was none of mine, I merely looked and wondered.

In due time we reached Granada, and were met at the depot by a host of the Archbishop's followers, official and otherwise, all led by a dignitary bearing a long silver mace. He undertook to get things into shape, but it was of no use. Things would not get into any shape but the shape of confusion, turned upside down, and to add to the poor man's troubles, I was pushed in between him and his reverence the Archbishop, and thus we passed through the double rows of lookers-on, some admiring the Bishop and others staring at me; but at last we got out of the crowd, dignitary with mace, Yankee heretic, Archbishop, and all; and I found my way to my hotel, under the very walls of the Alhambra, that monument of Moorish times and Moorish tastes, and leaving the moonbeams glistening its old walls, I fell asleep.



XI.

Granada—Moorish Buildings—Convicts in the Alhambra Grounds—Gypsies—Poor Old Monk—A Painted Cross—Sectarian Pictures—A Child's Funeral—Valencia Bull-Ring and Bankers—Barcelona—A Moor's Head in a Church—Farewell to Spain, etc.

PERPIGNAN, FRANCE, December, 1867.

BOOKS about the Alhambra create in the minds of readers anticipations not to be realized, especially by those who first visit the Alcazar at Seville.

True, there is much to admire in and around the Alhambra, but with all its present glory, telling of greater glory gone forever, it failed to impress me as I had anticipated. However, there is enough to interest the traveler and well repay the inconvenient journey to reach it; but I earnestly advise all who visit it, to do so before going to Seville.

MOORISH TASTES.

The cathedralized mosque at Cordova, the Alcazar at Seville, and the Alhambra at Granada tell wonderful tales of the vanquished Moor; speak impressively of his industry, tastes, habits, religion, luxury; they talk eloquently, with their horse-shoe arches; their curiously cut marble and stone columns and pillars, their elaborate courts and baths, their

corridors and galleries, their wonderful ornamentation of floor and ceiling and wall; continuously and firmly has their cemented masonry been speaking to the world, while more than a score of human generations have come and gone, and strongly and proudly do they speak to-day; beautifully do their rainbow-colored tiles speak of skill and art; proudly do their old ambassadorial halls proclaim former power and more than kingly magnificence, but mournfully and sadly does the Spanish plaster on their walls speak of power without taste, of strength without appreciation, of spite prompted by vengeful bigotry; mournfully does the water trickle from their fountains, dropping like tears from those whose friends have gone never to return. Judging the Moors simply by what they built, and the Spaniards by the spoiling they have done, one must say that the Mohammedan was better than the Christian, that changing the crescent for the cross worked no elevation of the race; but with the cross came the great civilizer, the press, and though in papal Spain it has not as yet done its perfect work, yet, as it has done something and is doing more for humanity, perhaps we ought to be thankful for the change, though one can not help feeling sad in remembering the vanquished Moor.

GRANADA—CATHEDRAL.

Granada is a fine old city with beautiful surroundings, contains many things of historic interest, is the burial-place of Ferdinand and Isabella, the great friends of Columbus. Here, also, rest the remains of Crazy Jane, the grandmother of Spain's second Philip, the builder of the Escorial.

Their tombs are in the old cathedral, itself a marvel of the past, a mighty relic of bygone zeal, in which the visitor may see the silver crown worn by Isabella, some of her needlework, the sword and sceptre of Ferdinand, and the coffin in

which Crazy Jane used to carry the body of her dead husband.

In one of the chapels there is a life-size figure of Christ, having very long hair on his head, a fancifully trimmed petticoat around his body, and his feet just over—in fact, almost on the head of the Virgin, giving the impression that the Saviour is standing on his mother's head.

In another chapel there is a life-size figure of the Virgin holding the dead Christ in her arms, all cut out of one piece of marble, and beautifully done, the face of the Virgin being very expressive.

It is really wonderful to see how religious art can make marble and wood and metal look and speak.

Painted in large letters on some of the mighty columns of this cathedral, were notices warning men not to speak to a woman in those parts of the sacred edifice, under pain of excommunication.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

In a garden formerly belonging to the Alhambra, I saw a heavy frost on the grass, ice half an inch thick on the water, rose-bushes full of roses, and orange-trees loaded with fruit—all within a space of two hundred feet; a marriage of winter and summer not often witnessed.

On the hillside, opposite the Alhambra, is the gypsy quarter, and all up and down this hillside, these strange people have made caves or huts in the ground, just like so many two-legged foxes, and here they live, generation after generation. Some of their caves look neat and comfortable.

CONVICTS.

Observing many peculiarly dressed men at work on Sunday, under armed guards, about the grounds of the Alhambra, I

inquired why they were thus dressed, and was told that they were convicts, nearly all of whom were guilty of homicide, having taken life in some brawl or quarrel; such deeds not being uncommon. They were doing but little work; were chatting with the guards, whose muskets stood against the wall, within reach of a convict, while the vigilant guard warmed his fingers by a little fire. One convict was pointed out as quite a hero, having killed some three or four men.

They were nearly all quite young men.

AN OLD MONK.

On the outskirts of the city is an old monastery, through the desolate cloisters and tenantless chapels and rooms of which, we were conducted by an old man, so bent with age that he seemed to be looking into the ground to find a place to lay his old body; a poor, tottering, old man, cloak-wrapped and skull-capped in black, looking so woe-begone, so pitiful, so lonely, that one might almost wish to have his monastic order restored to former power for his sake, and as he led us from place to place, his old legs too feeble to lift his feet from the marble floor, over which they scraped and slid and shuffled, it seemed as if we had called one back to life whose sleep should not have been disturbed; as if we were trying to light a lamp whose last drop of oil had long, long before been burned; and as he sat him down to rest while we looked and wondered at what his predecessors had done, he looked the very personification of the "last man."

CHARACTERISTIC PICTURES.

On the walls of the corridors of this old monastery are many very curious and characteristic paintings, representing English Protestants torturing and killing monks; among others is one representing Henry the Eighth taking the skin

off a living monk. Royal business that. Another picture shows a living monk having his entrails taken out by a windlass, around which they are being wound; others represent burnings, hangings, roastings, boilings, skinnings, quarterings, and other humane treatments that religious bigotry is so fond of.

One very peculiar feature of these pictures was the perfectly sweet and lamblike faces of the monks, and the more than diabolical features and forms of their Protestant persecutors. Sectarian art like sectarian zeal is somewhat one-sided.

This old monastery contains some of the richest and most wonderful work to be found in Spain. The doors of the sacristy and the drawers therein (in which garments were kept) are of different wood, such as walnut, oak, ebony, and are wonderfully inlaid with ivory, mother of pearl, shell, and silver, laced and twined and wreathed and curled, as skillfully as only art and industry prompted by religious zeal can work.

On the sides of this room were great slabs of the most exquisitely colored marble, worked and polished to perfection; large oblong medallions of agate, some of them twenty inches wide. In a small room is a beautiful little temple of jasper, onyx, agate, and other costly stones and elegant marbles, one of the finest specimens of work I ever saw.

A GREAT WORK OF ART.

High up on one end of a large room is a cross painted on the wall, and so wonderfully is it done that the spectator will not believe his eyes until he walks directly under it and sees that the wood does not project from the wall, and that the nails do not stand out of the wood, but that it is only paint, paint on a plastered wall; and as he walks away from it, look-

ing at it as he goes, again he thinks he is mistaken, that it is a real wooden cross fast to the wall, that the nails are real iron, that they are only partly driven into the wood, that the shadow their heads make on the wood is real shade, and back he goes to the end of the room again, and stands right under the cross and looks up again, and again finds it nothing but paint, and only paint on a plastered wall.

I think that painted cross the most perfectly deceptive piece of work I ever saw so natural is it, and so real in effect.

A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

A funeral procession passed our hotel. It consisted of about a dozen boys on foot, with lighted candles, (in the day-time,) and as many men, smoking cigarettes. The corpse was that of an infant, borne on a bier carried by four men. The bier was suspended from their hands by short cords. The coffin was painted in light, cheerful colors, the upper or lid part of it being as roomy as the under part, just as if the coffin had been halved; the corpse lying on the under half, neatly dressed, with its little bare face looking as calmly up to our common Father as if it had never known pain or sorrow. The other half of the coffin was carried by boys; all, men and boys, chatting, laughing, and smoking as if the dead little one was simply sleeping in its mother's arms, instead of going to rest in the bosom of our great mother.

When we left our hotel, the landlord requested us to give his house "a character," which we did in a book kept for that purpose. Some of our countrymen display great wit or its opposite. In this Granada hotel-keeper's book of recommendation, a bright genius from Philadelphia had penned these soul-stirring words (with his name thereto): "Beautiful scenery, but not equal to the United States." There's senti-

ment coupled with patriotism; poetry married to keen observation.

From Granada back to Malaga we had a modified form of the mule-whipping and horse-pounding served out to us on our journey up. On arriving at the hotel at Malaga, we were told that we could have rooms there for that night only, as the hotel had been ~~taken~~ for the next night by an Austrian archduke, or some other titled person from the north; but as we did not intend to remain in that beggar-crowded city of impudent gazers more than one night—in fact, not even that if we could have gotten away—we did not care much about being turned out in the morning by the duke.

VALENCIA.

From Malaga to Valencia is thirty hours by rail, a tedious ride, without a decent place to get a meal. As we approach Valencia the country becomes perfectly charming, the railway traversing miles and miles of orange and fig and mulberry and olive orchards, with occasional clusters of palm-trees towering beautifully over the landscape.

This section is one of the most productive in Spain, is watered by the most perfect system of irrigation in Europe; every part of every field is supplied with conduits for the water, some of earth and some of cemented brick; these latter having been used ever since the Moors left them, hundreds of years ago.

The water is drawn from wells by very rude machinery worked by blinded mules, the dipping apparatus consisting of earthen jars tied to wheels.

A DEFORMED BEGGAR.

Valencia is a lively city, with comparatively few beggars, but among them was a blind Albino boy leading a blind Al-

bino man, and a man walking on his hands and feet, monkey fashion, the poor creature being unable to walk upright or to move in any way but on all fours. His constant effort to raise his head to see the passers-by, had caused his back to hollow or bend downward, just as you have seen the back crooked in what are called "sway back" horses. Spain has more wretchedly deformed beggars than I ever saw elsewhere.

The largest building in Valencia, if not in Spain, is one used for murdering old horses, and called a bull-ring.

BUSINESS LIFE.

In the vestibule of the post-office there was a short written list of uncalled-for letters. This looks as if the hundred thousand people living in the city did not have a very great correspondence. Calling on a banker, we were asked to wait a short time for him to read his letters, before seeing us. We waited. Very business-like for a banker with a dozen clerks, sitting around smoking cigarettes. Over the store doors, or in front of them, may be seen little signs, with pictures of saints or other religious notables, and behind their counters the clerks wait on their lady customers with their hats on and cigarettes in their mouths.

The market of Valencia displays more and better vegetables, fruit, and nuts than I have seen elsewhere in Spain; a perfect avalanche of good things.

AN OLD CITY.

From Valencia we went to Barcelona by rail and stage, (the railway not being finished,) and as our stage was behind time we missed the train, and had to stay all night at the town of Tarragona, a city claiming to be a thousand years older than Christianity.

We of America, born, as it were, but yesterday, hardly realize that cities can be so old, and as we walk their ancient streets we are impressed with the great difference between the Old and the New World. With us all is new; we are getting ready to "keep house." But here, the old folks have kept house so long that the building is going to decay, and over its rusty roof and up its cracked walls old Time is making destructive finger-marks.

To while away the evening, we strayed into the cathedral that has been standing for five hundred years, and wandered through its dimly-lighted aisles; watching a few devotees kneeling in the shadows of its great columns, and listening to their whispered prayers.

These grim, old cathedrals are very impressive, even by daylight, but much more so in the evening, or at the hour of early morning mass; then the lights and shadows, the chaunts, the music, and the ceremonials produce a wonderful effect on one not familiar with them.

CHARMING SIGHT.

We left Tarragona before daylight for Barcelona, our route being along the shore of the Mediterranean, and through groves of mulberry, fig, and orange trees; as the day broke, the scene was one of singular beauty.

To our right, some miles distant, was the Blue Sea; between the sea and the railway were orange trees, loaded with fruit; close down to the water's edge, on the far-off horizon, were two little white clouds, having their under-sides tinged with the golden rays of the upcoming sun, and as these rays brightened and covered these little clouds, it seemed as if they were made of golden wool, so fleecy and gold-like did they look. Soon, however, their beauty was hid by the bright sun, as he came up out of the sea, looking like a huge wheel

of solid gold, and as the rays gilded the leaves of the orange-trees and made their yellow fruit look more gold-like, the scene was one long to be remembered.

BARCELONA.

Barcelona is a very fine city, having many beautiful streets and squares, plenty of public vehicles with good horses, many new buildings in progress, one of the best opera-houses in Europe, *hotels without female servants*, (ladies, remember this,) and a cathedral with a huge Moor's head suspended from the lower part of one of its organs—some thirty feet from the floor, a great, turbaned, bearded, life-colored head—hanging as a memento of the conquest of the Moors by the Spaniards; a singular method of proclaiming the superiority of the Bible over the Koran.

LEAVING SPAIN.

From Barcelona (whose barbers take what you choose to give for cutting your hair) to Perpignan, France, is some fourteen hours, eleven of which is by stage, through a country more hilly and timber-covered than any other portion of Spain we have seen; in fact, the appearance of the country changes very rapidly as we approach France, and before many miles are passed after crossing the frontier, the traveler realizes very fully that France is not Spain, and that Spaniards are not Frenchmen.

In Spain, the highways are perfectly bare of shade trees. In France, scarcely a road can be found without them. On Spanish roads vehicles are seldom seen, donkeys and mules doing all the carrying. In France, one is never out of sight of wheeled vehicles of some sort. Spanish teamsters beat their poor beasts till the blood runs, while the French teamsters do not. Spanish men seldom laugh, seldom are polite,

pay but little regard to others' comfort. Frenchmen seldom look grum, are usually polite, and do not insist on puffing tobacco-smoke in the faces of ladies in omnibuses and railway-cars. Spanish shops are dark, gloomy, tasteless in their arrangement, and their owners as crusty as the shops are dark. French shops are tastefully arranged and their owners politely civil. In Spanish towns, the traveler seldom sees a plant or flower in house windows. In French towns, one can not look up or down a street without seeing them. Spanish towns are full of bad odors from undrained vaults. French towns do not all offend in that particular. Spanish railway stations are not clean or comfortable. French ones are. Spanish custom-house and railway officials are imperiously uncivil. French ones apologize for the trouble they cause, and thank you for your ticket. France has thousands of magnificent country residences, *châteaux*. Spain scarcely any. France has plenty of running streams. Spain but few.

I have traversed Spain from north to south, from its centre to its eastern bounds; have seen its small, dark-haired, fiery-eyed women; its sombre-faced, cigarette-smoking, cloak-wrapped men; its magnificent highways, and its miserable roads, wheelless and hoof-trodden; have noticed the absence of shrines at road-crossings, so common in other Catholic countries; have eaten of its good bread and smelled its miserable butter; have eaten of its tolerable mutton and tried to eat its poor beef; have drunk its excellent wines and suffered from its bad water; have eaten its luxurious grapes and inhaled its mountain air; have seen its blue, cloudless sky, its wonderfully great and magnificent cathedrals, splendid churches, and the comfortless-looking dwellings of the poor; its barren plains and beautiful orange-groves; its waterless river-beds, and the work of its sweeping torrents; its thousands of fat, well-clad priests, and its thousands of ragged, starving

beggars; its comfortably clothed, handsome military officers, and its stupid-looking, shoeless, stockingless common soldiers; its well-to-do hundreds, and its ill-clad, poorly-fed thousands; have missed the middle class seen in other lands; have seen its snow-capped mountains and its sun-warmed valleys; its granite-backed, boulder-covered hills and crop-growing plains; have seen its great picture-gallery and absence of art appreciation among its people; have seen its horse-murdering, bull-killing shows, and the gorgeous vestments of its clergy; have slept in its good, clean beds, and shivered by its cold, smoky fireplaces; have looked on many a reminder of its great past and seen something of the dead life of its present; can see in the newly-erected tall factory-chimneys signs of a better life; can hear in the click of the telegraph and the whistle of the locomotive sounds that shall usher her to glory again, to a greater glory than was ever dreamed of by any Philip or Charles or Isabella that wore her crown or led her people to battle; and now, land that sent forth the discoverer of a new world, a world greater than you can ever be, land of genial clime and fertile soil, land of fruits and flowers, of the olive and the palm, farewell!



XII.

Turkeys—A Kingly Sentinel—Salt—Wine—Brandy—Yoked Horses—Old Temple and Amphitheatre at Nîmes—Large Pigs—Cheerful Workers—An Old Aqueduct—Avignon, France—Stony Plain—Long Railway Tunnel—Marseilles—Costly Café—Scene at Railway Station—Nice and its Contrasts, etc., etc., etc.

NICE, FRANCE, January, 1868.

ON our way from Barcelona to Perpignan, whence I last wrote you, we passed drove after drove of turkeys, and scores of huge carts loaded with them, and with chickens, on their way to somebody's kitchen for Christmas dinners. Each cart contained, I should think, hundreds of turkeys and chickens, all alive, and the droves contained thousands, and the market places of the towns we passed through were filled with droves of the gobbler tribe, their owners managing them with long reeds, just as easily as a good driver would control his horses. The peasant men in that section of the country wear long red woolen caps on their heads, great coarse things, about as shapeless as the legs of the trousers worn by French soldiers.

PERPIGNAN.

Perpignan is a very strongly fortified town, at the gates of which our passports were demanded; but on telling the polite official that they were in our trunks, and that we were

American travelers engaged in sight-seeing, we were allowed to pass without any delay. The citadel of Perpignan is considered "untakable." The spot is shown where the Emperor Charles the Fifth (the town once belonged to Spain) found a sentinel asleep on his post, and to awaken him pushed him into the ditch, and stood sentinel himself until relieved in due course. Those old emperors had some strange modes of dealing with people.

Arago was born near here, and once represented the town in the French parliament. From Perpignan we went to the fine old city of

NIMES,

passing over a large extent of marshy land, covered with small ponds or earthen vats filled with salt water, undergoing evaporation into salt, much of that useful article being thus produced in this part of France.

WINE AND BRANDY.

On our way to Nîmes we passed many railway trains, loaded with wine and brandy, and saw thousands of casks of these liquids at the different depots. This section of France produces large quantities of these articles for exportation, there being in Nîmes about one hundred distilleries. A large portion of the arable land in this section is covered by the vine. I saw here, for the first time, horses yoked together, as we yoke oxen, and hitched to the plow by a pole between them, without any tugs or traces. I have seen mules thus worked, but don't recollect having before seen horses thus geared. I did not like to see the beautiful creatures rigged ox-fashion, with great, heavy wooden yokes; but people here, as in America, do about as they please in such matters, regardless of the likes and dislikes of travelers.

Nîmes is quite a pleasant city, with fine squares, decent streets, good buildings, and a few very interesting remains of Roman times, such as beautiful baths, part of a temple supposed to have been dedicated to Diana, also a little gem of a temple of pure Corinthian architecture—and a great amphitheatre, capable of seating some twenty thousand people; a huge oblong stone structure, some seventy feet high, over four hundred feet long, and some three hundred feet wide, without roof, or door, or scrap of wood, all stone, brick, and cement, and in such excellent preservation as to be used even now for public sports, after standing nobody can tell how many centuries, as all record of its erection has passed into oblivion. Those old Romans knew how to work stone, brick, and cement into great and durable buildings; but they did not know how to use the more durable materials made of human rights, human duties, and human brotherhood; and down they went into the great abyss that has swallowed and will swallow all peoples that ignore these great foundations of national permanency.

Let us hope and so work that our own young nation may escape this doom; see to it that on the capstone of every dome, on the keystone of every arch in our national edifice, there shall be cut in living letters, Liberty, Justice, Unity; then shall our America speak more eloquently to the coming ages than ever Roman Colosseum or Egyptian obelisk spoke of the dead past; thus, and thus only, shall we excel those who have preceded us in the march of time, and show the world that our experiment is not a failure, nor the young republic a reproach among the nations.

On our way to see the great Roman aqueduct over the river Gardon, we passed a drove of the largest swine I ever saw, great, giant creatures, tall as year-old bulls, with frame enough to build at least six hundred pounds per head of clear

pork upon, with heads and legs large and long enough for oxen.

CHEERFUL WORKERS.

For a few miles out of Nîmes, on the road to Avignon, the country is quite good and well cultivated; and as we rode along, the peasants, men and women, were merrily singing at olive gathering, some of the girls, more active than the boys, getting up into the tree-tops, and tuning their pipes like so many great birds. These European work-people seem more cheerful than their American cousins.

OLD AQUEDUCT.

After some two hours' drive, a sharp turn in the road brought us in sight of the famous "Pont du Gard," the wonderful aqueduct through whose stone conduits the water found its way for some seventeen centuries! (think of that, Messrs. Commissioners of the Croton Water Works!) and may (with the slight repairs it is now undergoing) find its way for as many more.

It is a wonderful piece of work, and well worth a long journey to see. It consists of three tiers of arches, the lowest tier having six, the second seven, and the third thirty-five; and on the top of the third or upper tier of arches is the stone-walled and partially stone-covered canal or passageway, some five feet high and two or three feet wide, through which the water was conveyed so many centuries. From the top of this little canal to the bed of the river it is one hundred feet, and from end to end nine hundred feet. We walked through its entire length. Its sides are covered with a mineral deposit, several inches thick, made by the running water.

AVIGNON.

Leaving this wonderful relic of a great people, we wound our way over a carriage-road through a poor country to the old city of Avignon, once the seat of the popes, and now the resting-place of all that remains of some of them. It has, like all these old cities, many narrow, crooked streets that date far back into the past; some modern squares and streets that look quite comfortable; while its old Cathedral and Papal Palace are any thing but inviting—the latter, now occupied by soldiers, looking much more like a prison than a palace.

MARSEILLES.

There is little in Avignon to interest the traveler, so we tarried but one day, and journeyed on to Marseilles, whose women are handsomer, houses taller, streets wider, and people look more like New-Yorkers than I have seen elsewhere. A fine, lively, busy city, with a *café* that cost eighty thousand dollars to fit up, (no French town without a *café*;) beautiful drives, splendid public grounds, almost steepleless churches; all in all, a city looking comfortable enough to live in.

The first part of the short journey from Avignon to Marseilles is through a charming country, covered with vineyards, well-shaded highways, gardens, and isolated farm-houses, looking as neat and comfortable as one could wish. Single farm-houses are not common in this old world; the people generally huddle together in towns and villages. After passing this fertile region, the railway traverses a large plain completely covered with small stones, in size like geese' and hens' eggs—not a particle of earth to be seen for miles—and on this pebbly plain, vines grow that produce one of the best wines in France. Leaving this stony plateau, the train rushes with a prolonged scream through a tunnel fifteen

thousand feet in length. On going to the railway station, the day before Christmas, to take our places in the train for the old city of Nice, we found a great crowd of old and young, men and women, boys and girls, soldiers, sailors, peasants, etc., crowding, pushing, laughing, joking about the ticket offices, all anxious to get away in the departing train for a Christmas holiday with distant friends.

Little women lugging in huge trunks on their heads; big women with small dogs under their arms; little girls with great dolls; big boys with "shooting-tools" and dogs; old men loaded with toys for the grandchildren; young men with gifts for sweethearts; and all the sorts, sizes, and kinds of people that one expects to see at such a place at such a time; a jolly, anxious, well-dressed, well-behaved crowd of humanities, bent on having a good time somewhere.

TO NICE.

After a while, the great train got under motion, and away it dragged its slow length, like some monstrous crawling creature, dropping its scores at one place, its hundreds at another; on past Toulon, the great naval station of France, on beyond sunny Cannes, to popular Nice, the winter resort of fashion-birds from the north, and invalids from everywhere; to Nice, with its beautiful promenade by the blue sea; its fine drives; its white umbrellas marching up and down on these bright January days that are as warm as a New-York May time; Nice, with its gardens full of fragrant flowers; its streets as dusty as dry weather and much use can make them; its occasional bad odors, as offensive as nose can bear; its hotels so full that a vacant room can not be found in one of them; gay, lively, pretty, fashionable Nice; where the women dress more gayly and flashily than at Saratoga or Baden; where glaring velvets and dashing plushes meet one at every

turn ; where the gay become more gay ; where the fashionable of Paris strives to eclipse her sister from London ; where the belle of the north vies with her of the south ; Nice, where the plainest women dress most gaudily ; where the oldest beaux wear the newest wigs and tightest boots ; where the gentleman who drives his own horses must not touch his whip when driving, but have it used by a servant ; Nice, with its burning sun and chilling shade ; its eye-killing glare, its sweating days and shivering nights. After a brief sojourn, we shall be off for the Land of Garibaldi and the City of the Popes.



XIII.

Along the Mediterranean from Nice to Genoa—Sea-shore Towns—Great Mountains—Terraced Vineyards—Pigskin Wine-Casks—A Sailor's Skill and its Reward—Birth-place of Columbus—A Little Cart and Little Team—Genoa: Its Porters, Veiled Women, Fine Palaces, Crooked Streets—Paganini's Fiddle—Paper Currency—Matrimonial Notices, etc., etc., etc.

GENOA, ITALY, January, 1868.

A TRIP along the shores of the Mediterranean between Nice and Genoa is one of "the things" "to do." The Cornice road is one of the best—the scenery is fine, the hotels are comfortable, our driver was a good one, the team decent, and the weather, for the last two days of the old year, pretty comfortable; but when the new year came on deck, things changed, and, instead of the clear sky and balmy air that travelers give to Italy, young '68 reminded us very forcibly that "travelers' tales" are not always to be relied on, and that snow, wind, cold, and discomforts are not all in the north; for he chilled our feet, bit our ears, pinched our noses, and nipped our fingers as effectually as ever the "Ides of March" served a New-Yorker; but in spite of the cold, dust, wind, and snow, we enjoyed the trip.

ROAD SCENERY.

The road winds its crooked way, now by the sea, then around a bold headland; now crawls zigzag up a hill;

then through some little valley, into and out of an old town, with streets just wide enough to let a carriage pass rubbingly along; now through a tunnel, then under the walls of some ruin, apparently old enough to be one of Time's first-born; now outside the walls of a town whose streets are too narrow to admit a vehicle; then down along the sandy beach, whose smooth face the sea laves as gently as a mother laves her infant; now over some rock-bound promontory, against whose stony base the angry waves dash themselves, as if mad at so much encroachment on their domain; then over the dry bed of a waterless river; now between high stone walls, inclosing vine-covered fields and gardens; then in sight of the distant, spray-covered sea; now in sight of the great mountains; then in view of some old town, perched away up on the very crest of a high hill, thousands of feet above the tide; now looking down into dwellings right under us; and so, with mountain and valley, with city and village, with castle-clad hills and smiling valleys around us, and above us, and below us, with the great sea on the right hand and the snow-covered peaks on our left, we journeyed on.

TERRACES.

For the greater part of the distance, the hill-sides are terraced almost to their very tops, the terraces looking like great steps, as if made for huge giants to walk upon, on their way from the sea to the mountains; and where the hills circle partially about some little valley, like an amphitheatre, these terraces looked like great seats for giants to sit upon and gaze out on the sea and look at old Neptune go coursing up and down, or watch the mermaids combing their hair, while all about are hundreds of circular stone wells, at which they might have slaked their thirst; scores of great, long tanks, in which they might have bathed their huge limbs, if too

lazy to go down to the sea, (as giants usually were;) or to put terraces and wells and tanks to a much better use than stepping-stones and seats and bath-tubs and drinking wells for giants, one is covered with olive-trees and grape-vines, and the other supplies the water needed to make them grow. There is stone wall enough in the terraces between Nice and Genoa to inclose an empire.

A SMALL SOVEREIGNTY.

Within a short distance of Nice is the Independent (by sufferance of France) Principality of Monaco, a sovereignty that claims remote historical antiquity for its foundation. It is about "as big as a piece of chalk;" has its army, navy, forts, palaces, prince, fifteen hundred inhabitants, and the only public gambling institution in that part of Europe, the resort of knaves and fools from Nice, being in this particular a microscopic imitation of Baden.

Seen from the Cornice road, which passes along the hill-side, hundreds of feet above it, Monaco looks like some little one's play-table, covered with toy-houses and pigmy castles.

After leaving this wee empire, we pass a dozen of little villages close down to the sea; we wind our way among scores of small vessels hauled up on the beach, (no wharves in this part of the world,) getting an occasional glimpse of a light-house, silently warning the mariner to "keep off," and after a while reach the old town of Brodighera, a place that has the monopoly of furnishing palm-leaves to St. Peter's at Rome for distribution and use on Palm-Sunday—a privilege granted by one of the popes a long time ago, and still recognized.

A SAILOR'S SKILL.

In attempting to raise a great obelisk at Rome, the weighty mass was hoisted to a certain height, when the cable could not be made to move it another inch; every thing was at a stand; no one knew what to do; the obelisk could not be raised; dire calamities would certainly follow if the work was left undone. Just at this critical moment, a sailor, a native of Brodighera, came along, and seeing the trouble the people were in, told them to wet the cable; it was done, the cable did its work, and the obelisk went up to its place amid the shouts of the people; to reward the sailor, the Pope gave his town the exclusive right to furnish St. Peter's with palm-leaves, and the right continues to this day.

PIGS' SKINS.

Shortly after leaving this palm-tree town, we reach Oneglia, whose people cover the fronts of their houses with inflated pigs' skins, taking this method of drying them to put wine in. These wine-casks, made of pigs' skins, look very strange, lying around in stores and at railway depots, retaining as they do enough of the animal's shape to be easily recognized.

Near Genoa, and once its rival, is the busy town of Savona, which formerly had a most excellent harbor, but the jealous Genoese spoiled it by sinking therein old vessels filled with stones, around which the sand, in the course of time, accumulated in such quantities as to render their removal impossible; thus maritime Savona died that Genoa might live.

BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

Passing through the little town of Cogoleto, our driver halted before an old three-story house, on the front of which was an inscription, stating that "within its walls the discov-

erer of America was born ;" shortly after leaving this old sea-washed village, we met a train of cars drawn by a locomotive bearing his name, (the first locomotive we saw in Italy;) and as we drove through one of the gates into the old city of Genoa, there stood right in front of us a magnificent marble monument of the great navigator.

On the timberless plains of old Spain, in a city once the capital of that ancient kingdom, we saw the house wherein Columbus died; and now here, on the shore of the Mediterranean, we saw the house wherein he was born. What he did while traveling from the old house in Cogoleto to the old house in Valladolid the world has been talking and writing and printing for almost four hundred years, and will continue to talk and write and print until talking and writing and printing shall cease.

Many of the churches and public buildings along the route are frescoed on the outside, most of the subjects being religious; while private dwellings have window-blinds and curtains so well painted on their plastered fronts as to make it difficult for the passing traveler to tell which are painted and which are real.

On our way, we passed a wee little donkey, hitched to a wee little cart, with little bits of solid wooden wheels not more than a foot in diameter; the cart was loaded with little wine-casks, on top of which sat a gayly-dressed Italian, looking as proud as the driver of the "band-wagon" of an American circus entering a country town in some Western State.

PRIESTS.

Since leaving Spain, we have seen but few priests, and the few we have seen were not so fat and well dressed as their brothers in that old kingdom. There they were well fed, and counted by thousands, the old cathedral at Seville hav-

ing about one hundred and twenty-six, and other churches in that city each having a porportionate number—in fact, one is rarely ever out of sight of their black gowns and broad-brimmed hats anywhere in that country. Beggars also are comparatively few, though we meet some in this part of Italy, but in France none—every town we passed through in that empire giving notice by signboards that begging was prohibited therein. I expect to find plenty of the craft before leaving Italy, as “every body” says they swarm in all Italian cities.

FIRE-PLACES.

Our readers would laugh to see the fire-places in this part of the world, where they are but seldom needed. They are square, deep recesses, from two to three feet deep, without flaring sides, so constructed as to carry all the heat up the chimney or send all the smoke into the room, burn wood very fast, and throw out but little warmth. Coal and stoves or grates are not seen in the hotels, which in other respects are quite comfortable; in fact, much more so than the average of our American ones, a really poor hotel being seldom found in those parts of Europe usually visited by tourists.

HOTELS.

The hotels are generally clean, servants attentive, and invariably have much better beds than can be found in our hotels at home, though none have soft water for toilet purposes. Except at the public dinner-table, every thing consumed by the guest is charged for by the piece or article; so much for bread, so much for butter, or meat, or candles, (no gas in private rooms,) for the servants, (they too expect a fee,) even for servants to wait at table, when taking but a single meal in passing through a town; sometimes charging for the use of napkins; in short, every thing is thus separately charged for,

the whole averaging per day about as much as at first-class houses at home ; others are somewhat cheaper.

GENOA PORTERS' ROW.

On arriving at the hotel in Genoa, the usual row occurred between the hotel porters and the regular street porters, as to who should move our luggage from the carriage to the hotel.

It seems that the law gives the licensed porters the right to move all luggage about the streets, and under this law they claim the right to move trunks, etc., from carriages to hotels ; and though the trunks are moved scarcely their length, (the streets being so narrow that there is but a few inches' space between the carriage-wheels and the houses,) these fighting porters are allowed to demand whatever they choose for their uncalled-for services ; in our case, a franc for each trunk ; they got only half from the courier who had the matter in charge, and, as a little satisfaction for what they did not get, told him they would "knife" him if he would walk outside of the hotel, an invitation he did not care to accept just then, as he was cold and hungry.

VEILS.

In Spain, the women walk the streets with black veils in place of bonnets. The Genoese women wear white ones, made a little longer and fuller than those worn in Spain, gracefully carrying the flowing part of them over their shoulders and arms, the whole producing a very picturesque effect.

The church bells of Genoa commence business very early in the morning, hours before daylight, and they keep up such a confounded ding-dong that sleep is out of the question.

These bells are not so finely toned and musical as those heard in Spanish cities ; in fact, the church bells in Spain were the most musical, rich-toned, and pleasant that I ever heard, perfect gems of harmonious vibration.

Genoa is a fine old city, (that is, if a city with narrow streets can claim that title,) has a great many large buildings, splendid family palaces, very tall houses, fine grounds, and beautiful suburbs ; and were the streets as wide as some of those in Marseilles or Brussels, it would be a magnificent little city.

These hot climates make high buildings and narrow streets quite desirable, by protecting the inhabitants from the sun, as by this mode of building, people can always find some shady place on a hot day.

CROOKED STREETS.

This also accounts for the crookedness of the streets, many of them being so very crooked that sunlight never finds its way into them—at least, I suppose this must be the reason. They wind and twist and crook about in every possible direction except a straight one ; get into one of them, follow it for a short distance, always turning the same way, and you will be sure to come out of it in directly the opposite direction from where you entered it ; or, in other words, keep turning to the east, as you follow the street, and when, you leave it, you will be a long way to the west of the place you entered.

Among the relics in the churches of this old city is a dish used by our Saviour at the Last Supper, and a piece of the wooden cross worn by Constantine—at least they are shown as such. To see them, visitors must apply to a city official, as they belong to the city, and not to the church.

COLUMBUS AND PAGANINI.

In a room containing fac-similes of letters written by Columbus, the old violin of Paganini is carefully kept in a safely locked closet. The memory of the great navigator must go hand in hand with the memory of the great fiddler. Cat-

gut and tarred rope must be twisted into a dual wreath wherewith to crown the man who discovered a continent, and the brow of him whose crooked elbow made men laugh and weep.

In one municipal palace there is a fine painting of the Crucifixion, intended for America; but as the artist died before it was shipped, the city of Genoa purchased it, and we lost it. It is an exquisite picture, and would have been a great acquisition. The Genoese mechanics pride themselves on the beauty of their iron bedsteads, which are really very pretty and well-made; but I have seen no iron work here or elsewhere that can be compared to that seen in the old churches of Spain; there the metal has been worked into speaking features and fine laces, and the beauty of some of the iron work about the altars and chapels of the magnificent cathedrals of that old kingdom is really wonderful.

The people here are blessed with paper money as well as coin, the small denominations of which look very much like our fractional currency, as well they may, as they are printed by the American Bank Note Company of New-York.

The shopkeepers have two prices for their wares—a price in paper and a price in coin. The well-dressed police carry large silver-mounted walking sticks as emblems of authority.

MATRIMONIAL NOTICES.

In glass-covered and securely locked bulletin boards, one may see "matrimonial notices" duly posted, signed, and stamped; in front of which the lady passers-by stop to see who are about to become happy, or otherwise. Some of the churches of this old city are gorgeously ornamented, internally, with variegated marbles, elegant frescoes, rich gildings, and fine paintings, several of them at the expense of some of the wealthy families who worship in them. Genoa is a fine old city.



XIV.

Genoa to Spezzia—Beautiful Scenery—Sun and Storms on the Sea—Basket-shaped Tree-Tops for Grape-Vines—Frescoed Houses—A Spring in the Sea—Tower of Pisa—A Cemetery with Frescoed Corridors—Angel and Devil in a Fight—Horse and Cart Gearings—Baptistery, etc., etc., etc.

FLORENCE, ITALY, January, 1868.

IN my last I remarked that a land trip from Nice to Genoa was one of the things to do; another is to continue on to Spezzia, a two days' ride.

The first day we pass little villages up on the hill, down in valleys and on the sea-shore; through old towns with house fronts extending over the sidewalks on low arches, under which are little dark, dingy shops.

BEAUTIFUL SCENES.

The hill-sides were dotted with bright dwellings, their gay colors forming a striking contrast to the dark foliage of the olive-trees, by which they were surrounded; scattered about among these dwellings were scores of churches, painted as gayly as the houses; at one turn of the road we would hear the clear tones of a bell, away on a hill, up toward the

clouds; at another, the mellow music of one down in a valley would float up to us, as sweet as the warblings of a soaring bird.

How the people passed to and from their churches and dwellings puzzled me; for no road or path is seen by the traveler; and another thing struck me as quite noticeable, namely, the absence of cattle on the route from Nice to Spezzia. We did not see, in a ride of six days, more than a dozen head, very few sheep or goats, and comparatively few mules—in fact, scarcely any farm stock of any kind.

At noon we took dinner at little nest of a place on a hill-top, from which we had a view of Genoa away to our right; in front of us lay the Mediterranean, on whose blue waters steamers and other vessels were scudding in every direction; down under us was a sea-washed village, its beach covered with fishermen's smacks, under one of which, protected from the wind, a group of boys were playing cards.

Slate quarries in that neighborhood sometimes turn out slates from ten to twelve feet in length.

At night we rested at a place called Sestri, right by the sea, on whose pebbly beach the waves broke as musically as if singing love notes to the rising moon, as she came up over the hills back of the little village.

A portion of our second day's ride was through different scenes. For a long distance we required six horses to haul our small carriage up the mountain. The olive and the vine were changed for dwarf pines, scraggy bushes, the myrtle, and all sorts of wild plants; but few houses along the road; occasionally we met peasants going down to the village we had just left, many of them carrying heavy burdens on their heads, while others walked by their sides and held umbrellas over them, but whether for protection of the person or the load, I could not tell.

STORMS ON THE SEA.

About noon we had one of those grand views that are seen but once in a lifetime. We were on the top of a mountain; hundreds of feet below us lay the sea; back of us tall peaks lifted their snow-covered heads; over us, heavy, black clouds hid the sun; away on our right a heavy rain-storm was sending down its floods in a close, compact mass on the sea, as if some great water-god was pouring hundreds of *Niagaras* on one small spot, so perpendicular were the outlines of the storm, and so limited the space it covered; to the left, and comparatively but a short distance from this little deluge, the sun had broken through the black clouds that hung, pall like, over the sea, and threw his brightest rays on a spot of water about as large as that covered by the rain-storm, making that small spot look like a plate of polished silver in an ebony frame; and as it flashed and glistened, it seemed as if some big boy up in the clouds was throwing the sun's rays from a huge mirror. In a moment the black clouds covered this bright spot with a mantle as dark as that thrown over the earth on a starless night; the angry wind drove the storm off the sea, chased it up the mountains, and by the time it reached us, it became a driving snow that blinded our horses and blocked our way.

Toward night the storm left us, the weather became pleasant; and as we wended our crooked, zigzag way down the mountains, we met a number of mules going up, loaded with empty wine-casks, their owners having their contents in their pockets, in the shape of cash received from the *Spezzia* wine dealers.

Most of the peasants on this part of the route were clad in very coarse garments; many of their houses were without chimneys, the smoke finding its way out between the tiles on the roofs or at the windows.

TASTE IN CULTIVATION.

The cultivated portions of the route between Genoa and Spezzia are terraced with turf-covered earth, or with stone also covered with turf, and not with bare stones as between Nice and Genoa. These turf-covered terraces make the landscape look very beautiful; the vines hang in festoons from stone and wooden posts, instead of being trained to sticks as in France and other countries; the tree-tops are trimmed and trained so that they look like great baskets resting on poles, the central portions being removed and the outer branches twisted and interlaced, basket fashion; around these the loving vine twines itself as lovingly as does the ivy to the oak.

FRESCOED HOUSES.

Along a portion of the route, many of the dwellings are fancifully frescoed; one fresco represented a man and woman at an open window in the upper part of the house, gazing at a young lady at a window directly beneath, while she was laughing at them, with a thumb on her nose; another represented a young woman at a window, watering flowers, and another showed a bird-cage hanging in a window, with Mrs. Pussy-cat watching the bird as patiently as only cats can watch, whether in life or in paint.

The climate must be warm and dry that will admit of such painting on the outside of buildings; for in a climate subject to the cold and moisture of ours, they would not last a year, while here they retain their bright colors for generations.

SPEZZIA.

Spezzia is a town of some ten thousand inhabitants, finely situated at the head of a gulf that forms the safest harbor on the Mediterranean, where all the fleets of Europe might find refuge. So well protected is it, that the first Napoleon once

contemplated making it the great naval station of his empire ; but the jealousies of Toulon exercised influence enough to prevent it.

A SPRING IN THE SEA.

At a short distance from the shore is one of the most remarkable things in nature—a fresh-water spring in a salt-water sea. It covers a circular spot some eight feet in diameter, and forms a sort of gigantic artesian well.

At the very surface of the sea, the water from this spring is not fresh enough to drink ; but a few inches below, it is as fresh as the water of any snow-covered mountain. Sometimes the water of the spring rises some inches above the level of the sea.

Shortly after leaving Spezzia for Florence, the railway passes the ancient Etruscan City of Sienna, from which the ancestors of the Napoleons emigrated to Corsica. It was the port from which the famous Carrara marble was shipped to Rome in the days of Julius Cæsar. After leaving Sienna, we reach Pisa, whose famous tower has been leaning over toward the earth for seven hundred years.

PISA—LEANING TOWER AND BAPTISTERY.

The cathedral at Pisa is one of the great churches of the middle ages, grand, massive, and impressive. It was begun just eight hundred years ago, and finished fifty years later. In it, suspended from the lofty ceiling, is the great bronze lamp that suggested to Galileo the theory of the pendulum. Near the cathedral is the baptistery, a circular stone building one hundred feet in diameter within the walls, which are eight feet thick ; and from its marble floor to the top of the cupola is one hundred and eighty feet ; the interior is somewhat plain, though the pulpit is so exquisite a piece of work, that

at one time the city authorities employed a military guard to watch it day and night.

The echo of the voice as it ascends to the top of the dome, is remarkable for the mellowness of the sound and the length of its continuance. As its name implies, this building is used only for baptismal purposes, it being the custom here-about to have an edifice especially for that sacrament.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa has long been a world's wonder; it is a circular stone building fifty-three feet in diameter and one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and leans thirteen feet beyond the perpendicular. It was erected for a bell-tower, and is still used for that purpose, there being several bells on its top, the heaviest being placed on the upper side. One of them weighs 12,000 pounds, and used to be tolled when criminals were led to execution. The tower looks as if it might tumble over any day, and it feels, as you go up its winding stairs, as if it would fall before you could get down from its slanting top. It is not very hard work to ascend it; but the sensation of going down when going up, as is apparently the case, when walking up the steps on the lower side, is very disagreeable; in fact, some persons can not go to the top on that account. The view from the top is very fine; beneath you is the old city of Pisa; in the distance tall mountains lift their white heads; the Mediterranean spreads its blue waters; while Leghorn and other towns lift up their church towers to give beauty to the scene.

CAMPO SANTO.

The *Campo Santo*, or cemetery at Pisa, is a most interesting place to visit. It was founded by an archbishop in the early part of the twelfth century, who, on being driven from Palestine by the followers of the Prophet, under Saladin, loaded fifty of his ships with earth from Mount Calvary,

which, it was said, would completely decompose a human body in twenty-four hours—a legend which seems to be believed, if we may judge by the absence of graves or other evidences of interment in that portion of the Campo where this earth was placed.

Around this spot of Palestinic earth is the building that contains the sepulchral monuments that make the place famous. It is over four hundred feet long, one hundred and forty feet wide, and the corridors that extend around it on the inside (and which open on to the spot of earth brought from Palestine) are thirty feet wide and nearly fifty feet high from floor to roof. The corridors extend around the four sides of the open plot of ground, and measure, in a continuous line, over eleven hundred feet, are lined with old statues, sarcophagi, tombs, and busts; among others a bust of Julius Cæsar, which commissioners sent by the present Emperor of the French to examine it, have pronounced a veritable likeness of the great Roman.

SECTARIAN PICTURES.

The walls of these lengthy corridors are covered with frescoes of the most interesting and peculiar character, scriptural, historical, and allegorical.

One represents the Last Judgment. From the open graves the bodies are coming forth, the good on one side, the bad on the other. Among those coming up on the good side is a friar, who, on being discovered by the Archangel, is seized by the hair and taken to the other side, where he belongs.

The different classes of men seem to be about equally divided between the two sides, kings, priests, noble and common people, all mixed up together. On one side joy, on the other sorrow, as the words "Come," or "Depart," fall on the ear of the judged.

Another representing the Triumph of Death, shows an angel and his Satanic majesty contending for a fat priest; one has him by the head, the other by the feet; one claiming his soul for the bliss due the righteous, the other for the misery that awaits the wicked.

The people of Pisa are the most polite and civil that I have met anywhere.

The ticket-sellers at the railway stations in Italy will give no change for paper money; the traveler must make the exact amount of his fare. Suppose your ticket is seven francs, you pass in a ten-franc note, the whole of it is retained; but for coin change is speedily furnished. Paper money is not popular.

FLORENCE CART-HORSES.

The mode of gearing horses to carts in this section would make a New-York cartman laugh. The saddle is a little thing with a high, hook-shaped neck projecting over the horse's shoulders. The boom or shafts are on a level with the top of this saddle or the back of the horse; and to keep the cart from tipping up and letting the load roll off behind, the booms are tied down with a small rope under the animal's belly, often cutting through the skin; as the weight is more behind than before the wheels, the whole load is thus hauled by the horse instead of being partly carried, as on our American carts. Florence has many of the prettiest little ponies ever seen. They are used for light, two-wheeled carriages, with which they make pretty rapid headway.

A PALACE.

On visiting the Pitti Palace, in a part of which is one of the great picture-galleries that make Florence famous, we were, as a special few, (silver in the eye of the custodian,)

shown through private apartments that had just been prepared for one of the king's sons who has recently taken a wife. Of course, like all palatial apartments, they were very grand; but with their grandeur they had more of a comfortable, home-like look than any others I have visited. The fire-places were full of wood, ready for the match; nice, clean towels were on the racks, the furniture was uncovered and every thing appeared cozy and cheerful, and, for a wonder, the floors in many of the rooms were carpeted. In one of the rooms was a full-size figure (in marble) of Michael Angelo when a boy of fifteen. The young genius is represented astride a block of marble, mallet and chisel in hand, cutting a face on the block he was sitting on. The face thus cut by that boy now hangs in one of the galleries of Florence. The countenance of the young sculptor is one of the most expressive that I have ever seen in marble; every feature is wrought up to the greatest intensity of earnestness and anxiety.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS.

Our American sculptors in Florence are all busy—Powers on busts, and an ideal piece representing “the last of the Tribe,” symbolical of the vanishing races of American Indians. Mead has some seventy men at work on marble ornaments for one of our buildings at Washington, and also has under way a splendid group representing Columbus appealing to Isabella for aid to prosecute his voyages. It is to go to America. Hart has in the clay an unfinished piece he calls “Woman’s Triumph,” representing a beautiful female taking from Cupid the last arrow from his quiver, the idea being that woman must be won by love and not by assaults. He has just completed a grand bust of Jackson, from a cast which he took at the Hermitage in 1839. It is a capital likeness of

the old hero, whom I saw on his way to Tennessee at the close of his presidential career, and one of the most remarkable pieces of sculpture I ever saw. It ought to find a home in the land he loved so well.

CHURCHES.

The churches of Florence are among the greatest in Italy. The Cathedral, an enormous building of white and black marble, contains many fine statues and paintings, and its dome is the largest in the world, though not so high as that of St. Peter's. It was this dome that gave Michael Angelo the seed from which he reared that great wonder.

The dome of the Florence Cathedral is one hundred and thirty-eight feet in diameter, and from the cornice on which it rests it is one hundred and thirty-three feet in height, is octagonal in shape, and beautifully frescoed.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the bell-tower, also of black and white marble, ornamented with elegant *bas-reliefs* of scriptural and allegorical subjects. It is a square building, as large at the top as on the ground, and is two hundred and seventy-five feet high. From its top the traveler gets a magnificent view of the city and its suburbs.

BAPTISTERY.

Near the Cathedral is the Baptistery, the inner shell or walls of which were erected over a thousand years ago. Its bronze doors, covered with magnificent *bas-reliefs*, Michael Angelo asserted, were good enough for the gates of Paradise. The building is of white and black marble, is highly ornamented with paintings, frescoes, statues of marble and wood; its great cupola is covered with mosaics, and its floor is one great mosaic of elaborate workmanship, colored marbles being worked into all possible shapes.

In this ancient building all the children born in the city are baptized, the number averaging about a dozen per day, the highest number occurring in December, February, and March, and the lowest in June. Females outnumber the males about thirteen to the hundred. When we visited it, there was a group of women waiting their turn to present their infants for baptism. Some were poor and some rich. Some had their darlings wrapped in common "baby blankets;" others in blankets of the finest material, fringed with gold lace, with the initials of the little one embroidered in the centre in gold letters, large enough for a business sign—in fact, much larger than letters on many of the business signs of Florence.

This city is famous for its mosaic work. In one of the galleries there is a mosaic table that required the labor of twenty-two men for twenty-five years. It is over two hundred years old. If any of our readers think that this labor might have been employed to a better purpose, I shall agree with them.

Florence is a beautiful city, its clean streets are paved with large, thick slabs of stone, almost as large as the flagging of our New-York sidewalk; scarcely a beggar is seen; the people appear healthy, and the men are better looking than the handsome women. Many of its streets are wide, and lined with the most substantial buildings I have seen, the Tuscan architecture being of a heavy, massive character. Few cities excel Florence in appearance. Its suburbs are pleasant, its people polite; its drives beautiful, and the bridges that span the river that divides it durable and handsome.



XV.

*Pictures—Sculpture—Warming-Pans—Parliamentary Bells
—Cats—Churches—Mosaics—Bridges—Trotting-Buggy
—Mule's Shoes—A Good Society—Street Cleaning, etc.,
etc., etc.*

FLORENCE, ITALY, February, 1868.

I SHALL not tire the reader with a long description of the picture-galleries of the city. The wonderful beauties and beautiful wonders contained in them, wonders on canvas, in marble, and bronze, have been praised and written about for generations. It seems to me that the pictures and statues in this city of less than 150,000 people, if placed side by side in one continuous line, would reach around our Manhattan island; among them are some works that can only be admired, not equaled.

The largest number of the paintings are of a religious character: Crucifixions, Entombments, Madonnas, Holy Families, Adorations, Descents from the Cross, Martyrdoms, Ascensions, Resurrections, Annunciations, etc. These are represented in every possible style, color, shape, and mode of grouping that ingenuity could devise or zeal prompt, through continuous generations of men and successive schools of art; some of them are pleasing, some otherwise; some rivet the attention of the spectator by their lovely naturalness; others repel him by their unnatural ugliness.

ANCIENT SCULPTURE.

The most celebrated of the works in marble are allegorical; the subjects being from the mythology of nations that died long before Christianity was born. Mercury with his winged feet, Apollos, Venuses, Cupids, etc., meet one at every turn, some of them with forms and features as perfect as if a hundred generations had not come and gone since they left their native quarries.

MODERN SCULPTURE.

Our American sculptor Ball has about completed a long-worked-on model of Eve. The mother of the race is represented as just from the hands of the Creator, stepping into the world; she is suddenly arrested in her first steps by some pleasing sound; she raises one hand to throw her long and heavy tresses from the listening ear, that she may catch every note of Eden's music; pleasure, hope, surprise, joy, happiness, are beaming on her beautiful face. The figure is life size, exquisitely modeled, graceful, lovable.

It was ordered by a New-York gentleman, now deceased, whose heirs intend to sell it when it is in marble. I hope it will find a home in our city.

American sculptors come to Italy for education and good marble, but they have to send home for clay to work their models in, the best being found near Baltimore.

A WAY TO KEEP WARM.

Scarcely a public building in Florence is provided with fire-places or other means of heating; indeed, all the stores, shops, etc., are in the same condition, and as all are constructed of stone, with floors and partition walls of stone or brick, they are very cold and uncomfortable in the win-

ter. To provide a little artificial warmth, the people carry a few live embers about with them, in small earthen jars, holding about two quarts, having an earthen handle or bale like the bale of a common water-pail, the bale in this case forming a part of the jar, and always up, half-hoop fashion. With these little jars they walk about, holding their cold fingers over them, or carrying them under their outer garments to warm their persons, and on going to bed at night, they hang them on the inside of pyramid-shaped baskets and place them in the bed to warm the icy-cold linen sheets, (no cotton sheets in this country.) It is a common sight to see business men carrying these warming-jars about their stores and offices, but when a customer drops in, they set them down quite speedily. Some of them are quite pretty in their fancy coats of many colors, pretty enough for ornaments. That's the way the Florentines try to keep warm.

DEPUTIES.

The Chamber of Deputies is not quite so well behaved as it might be. Members hiss a speaker when unpleasant words are said, and the presiding officer rings a bell about as large as the dinner-bell of a country tavern, when he desires to call members to order. While we were present, the members were so disorderly that the unfortunate officer had to keep the bell going much of the time. The Chamber is composed of fine-looking men.

CATS AND MICE.

If cats live on mice, and the condition of the cats depends on the condition of the mice, then our adage, "as poor as a church mouse," is not applicable to church mice in Italy, for the largest and fattest cats I have ever seen are those about

the churches here, in one of which I saw a dozen, some of them almost as large as the little ponies in the streets of Florence.

STREETS AND SIDEWALKS.

The people in many of these European cities and towns walk in the middle of the streets. There are comparatively but few vehicles to interfere with this custom, and most of their streets are well paved and clean, affording as good walking as the sidewalks, which are often narrow, (and in many streets there are none at all,) men, women, children, horses, and donkeys, all move along together.

MOSAICS.

In the government mosaic works in Florence, there is a mosaic table, about 26 by 44 inches in size, the price of which is \$24,000. It is a pretty little thing, made of costly stones of all sorts and colors, beautifully worked into pretty shapes. To look at this toy as it might stand in your parlor, would cost you something over \$2000 a year in interest, taxes, etc. Cheap amusement, if your servants did not spoil it.

The house once occupied by Michael Angelo contains many relics of that great sculptor, painter, architect, poet, and military commander; mementoes and souvenirs that interest such as have a liking for them. The works he wrought interest me more than the tools he wrought with.

STREET-CLEANING.

The street-cleaning system of Florence might be copied with advantage by New-York. A certain portion of the city is assigned to a small gang of men, sometimes only one or two, who are provided with brooms, scrapers, and covered

hand-carts, for the removal of the sweepings; they are required to keep these portions clean, not merely to drag their brooms over the pavement so carefully as not to disturb the dirt, as is the custom with our street-sweepers, but to get the dirt up, and if the broom won't do it, they must try the scraper with which the brooms are provided, and they do it. Where the distance to the dumping-ground is long, covered horse-carts take the place of hand-carts. The men are paid to work, and are compelled to work for their pay.

Our city horse-shoers would be amused with the shoes put on mules' feet in Italy. They often project from a half to a whole inch beyond the foot, all around, and on the hinder feet, the heels of the shoes sometimes project three or four inches beyond the foot. Horses are shod in a better manner.

CHURCH FRONTS.

Many of the churches in Florence have been standing hundreds of years with their fronts unfinished, nothing but rough masonry or plastered brick-work appearing on the fronts of some whose interiors are marvels of beauty and extravagance of finish. The reason given for this apparent neglect is, that finished church fronts are or were subject to a heavy tax, and to save this tax they were not finished.

GOOD BRIDGES.

The bridges in Europe are durable structures. It is seldom that one is carried away. One of the bridges here, some three hundred feet long, is known as the "Jewelers' Bridge," from the fact that both its sides are covered with jewelers' shops, the centre being used by carriages and people on foot. American bridges are not made strong enough to "keep store" on. When we get older and take better care of humanity than we do of money, we shall make stronger bridges,

and manage railways and ferries better than we do now : in the mean time, we pay the just penalties of our mismanagement in loss of limb and life.

America is a great country and our people are smart, know something, but America is not all the world, neither do our people possess all the knowledge of all mankind, and the sooner we can realize those two facts, and act accordingly, the sooner we shall get on toward true greatness.

One of the most important things we have to learn is, the necessity of protecting life—taking care of property is secondary.

I have not met an American traveler here that has said he feels as safe on our railways and bridges as he does on those of Europe. We shall do better in the future.

AN EXCELLENT SOCIETY.

Meeting some twelve or fifteen men wearing black gowns, broad-brimmed hats, with black masks or hoods over their faces, a part of whom were carrying a covered bier on their shoulders, I inquired what they were, and learned that they were members of the society "*Misericordia*," a charitable organization composed of the best citizens of Florence, whose duty it is to convey the sick poor to the hospitals, to assist persons in case of accident, and to secure Christian burial for the friendless dead. It also gives small marriage portions to indigent females. It is held in great respect by the people, and when its members pass along the street on their Christian duties, the men raise their hats and the military present arms.

The entire city is divided into districts, to each of which a certain number of the brotherhood is assigned ; there are some forty always ready for duty, and when the great bell of the

cathedral tower announces that they are needed, each member instantly leaves whatever he may be doing, hastens to his post, and does his duty.

The society was established over six hundred years ago, and has counted among its members grand dukes and every grade of official and other honors known to Florence. Its first moneys were acquired by the collection of fines voluntarily imposed for profane swearing; and as the usefulness of the society became apparent, the citizens generously contributed to its support, so that it never lacks money. In times of pestilence or epidemics, like the cholera, it is one of the greatest "ministering angels" that the city has. Our cities would honor themselves and benefit humanity by imitating its virtues.

OLD VEHICLE.

In the Egyptian Museum there is a little wooden-wheeled chariot, twelve hundred years older than Christianity. Possibly it may have belonged to some "fast man" of that remote period; at all events, it is light enough for a modern "trotting buggy." It has no back or seat, the driver had to "stand." The wheels show that they were once covered with leather.

Walking about the streets of an evening, I noticed several men with lanterns which they carried close to the ground, as if looking for something; and sure enough they were looking very carefully for discarded "cigar stumps," which are collected, subjected to some chemical process, and made into smoking tobacco.

Is any of the famous "Turkish" smoking tobacco, for which such high prices are paid by American smokers, manufactured from that sort of raw material?

"Keeping up appearances" at the expense of comfort is

not confined to the dwellers in "brown-stone fronts" in New-York, for Florentine fashionables, it is said, put up with poor tables and other deficiencies for the sake of a carriage establishment and a drive along the river in fashionable hours.

ABOUT CHURCHES.

For the information of such Protestant or other readers as are not familiar with the Catholic churches of the Old World, I desire to say a few words.

Our American churches of all denominations are usually small, well-lighted, have comfortable seats, wooden floors, (often carpeted,) are warmed in winter, bare of ornamental work without and within, and generally as comfortable as the worshippers can desire. I speak of them in the aggregate.

In Europe all this is completely reversed. Here the churches (Catholic) are large, dimly lighted, have no pews, slips or seats permanently placed, though sometimes chairs are provided for such as will pay for them on using; the floors are always of stone or brick, never warmed, are elaborately covered with ornamental work outside and inside, and generally very uncomfortable. Their windows are usually small, few in number, of stained glass, and placed high up in the walls. It requires good eyes and "large print" to enable a person to read in them. Around the sides, next to the outer walls, are rooms called chapels, some of these, especially in the Spanish churches, as large as an American country "meeting-house." Each of these chapels has its altar, over which is a figure of Christ, or the Virgin, or some favorite saint. They are embellished with ornaments of all sorts, those of the Virgin always having the most and the richest; her chapels, too, have the largest number of worshippers.

In the Italian churches the high altar, or the one devoted to the general uses of church service, is at one end of the main building, but in the Spanish churches, it is always in or near the centre, an arrangement that almost destroys the effect of their enormous size and marvelous ornamentation. These high altars are elaborately decorated, have costly paintings or sculpture over them, and the fronts of the tables on which the priests officiate are often of solid silver, sometimes weighing hundreds of pounds.

In some of the Spanish churches, the space back of the high altar is covered with life-size figures in wood, and many of these figures being painted in natural colors, they look as if so many living men and women were fastened to the walls. Such ornamented altar-backs occasionally cover a space equal to a surface of forty to fifty feet square. In one part of the building, what we would call a "wing," the choir is placed, surrounded by wooden or iron partitions, through or over which the people look at the church officials when engaged in chanting or singing.

In the Spanish and some other churches, the seats in these choirs are elaborately covered or ornamented with the most beautiful wood carvings, perfect pieces of exquisite work; the human figures on them look as if they were about to speak, so life-like do they seem; and the animals, trees, foliage, battle-scenes, crucifixions, martyrdoms, etc., which they represent, are wonderful in their design and execution.

A church with less than two organs is seldom seen; some have three: they are always up in some high part of the building, and as they send forth their music, it reverberates around the huge columns, floats away up into the arches and frescoed domes, penetrates every chapel, and fills every ear.

The churches are always open, people are passing in and

out all the time, and are always seen kneeling in chapels, devoutly repeating their prayers.

In some churches the chapels are inclosed with high iron railings, and locked at certain times. This is usually the case in Spain; in other countries they are often opened; often these chapels connect with each other by open doorways.

In many chapels there is a confessional, or place to which people go to confess to the priest. It is commonly a small square box, like a sentry box, with a place for the priest, (who can not be seen by the person confessing,) and another for the penitent. Occasionally the name of the officiating priest is painted on the confessional.

The money expended for the paintings, sculptures, carvings, ornaments of gold and silver, precious stones, costly marbles, and fine iron-work in the churches of this Old World would suffice, I should think, to pay the national debts of all the governments on earth, especially if the cost of the churches themselves is included.



XVI.

Florence to Naples—Things in Naples—Sibyl's Cave—Vesuvius—Hot Lava—Queer Teams—Droll Vehicles—Pompeii—Horse-shoeing—Letter-Writers—Poor Priests—Money-Changers—Crust of Extinct Volcano—Underground Road—Orange Groves and Singing Birds—Lamplight Burials—Night Scenes, etc.

NAPLES, ITALY, January, 1868.

WE left Florence about ten o'clock, on a dark, rainy night, for Naples, on our way passing by the walls of Rome. For some two hours before reaching the Eternal City the country is in a fine state of cultivation; the fields are divided by light fences made of posts the size of a man's wrist, driven into the ground, some four feet apart, and on these two small poles or slats are nailed at right angles, the slats being some eighteen inches asunder. Such fences will stop neither cattle nor sheep, and what they were made for I could not discover. There were a great many large flocks of coarse-wooled sheep, lots of small, poor horses, and numerous herds of cattle. The cattle were nearly all of a light gray or mouse color, and had enormous horns. After passing Rome we saw but little stock of any kind, though the land was generally very good. Occasionally, the railway traverses large groves or orchards of oak-trees, greatly resembling the oak openings of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan.

NAPLES.

The city of Naples is an interesting place to visit, not so

much, perhaps, for itself as for its surroundings, every foot in its vicinity being covered with historic and legendary interest. Here are Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius, Lake Avernus, Sibyl's Cave, and Pozzuoli, the place where St. Paul first entered Italy, on his way to Rome. In fact, this region is the *locale* of much of old history and half of ancient mythology.

But I shall not tire the reader with very much of these things, for I know but little about them, though, of course, one has to refer to them in writing of what he sees.

DROLL TEAMS—QUEER CARRIAGES.

We started from Naples, on a bright winter morning, for the dead city. The road is one continuous village, or succession of villages, and was covered with the drollest vehicles, drawn by the oddest teams. In some instances, a large, poor ox was between the shafts or booms of a cart, his yoke being fastened to the shafts, outside of which, and geared with the ox, would be a poor old horse and a cow, or a cow and a donkey; sometimes a cow would be between the shafts, in place of an ox; cows, oxen, horses, mules, and donkeys, hitched together in any way that the owner or driver saw fit, without regard to kind or size, and generally in triplets! Mixed in with these teams were carriages for passengers. These were usually two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by one horse. The wheels were from five to seven feet in diameter; the body or floor, without sides, very long. Over the axle-tree were two enormous old-fashioned C springs, to which was suspended a seat, so high from the floor that no human legs could be found long enough to reach down to it. At the hindmost part of the floor of the vehicle was a shelf, or board, for people to stand on. The driver sat on one of the shafts—so did some of the passengers; some

occupied the high seat, some stood on the back shelf, others sat under the seat, others all over the floor, the machine holding from twelve to twenty persons, all drawn by one poor old, decrepit horse, on whose sore back would be a harness-saddle from two to four stories high, each story differing from the one under it—one partly square, another round, another pyramid-shaped, and all covered with brightly-polished brass, and capped with a little spire, from the top of which would be a gayly painted metal ornament, like a flag or crescent, making altogether a queer-looking piece of horse furniture, from two to three feet high, and heavy enough for an entire harness. The passengers were women, children, priests, soldiers, sailors, etc., talking, laughing, and making as merry as if the poor beast was having as good a time as themselves.

Along the route people were spinning flax, in the way it was spun when spinning was invented. Occasionally an ancient loom was seen at work.

MACARONI.

But the great article of manufacture was macaroni. This was seen hanging out to dry all along the route. Some of it looked quite clean, and was hanging before decent-looking houses, and some not. The people did not seem very clean, more especially in the suburbs of Naples, the home of the lazzaroni. We did not enter any of the buildings where the macaroni is made; if we had, there might have been some slight decrease in the demand for that article.

A MARBLE SAINT.

On our way we passed a marble statue of St. Januarius, (the patron saint of Naples.) The saint has his face turned toward Vesuvius; his right arm is raised, as if commanding

the fiery mountain to keep away from his favorite city. If the saint's commands are obeyed by the volcano, might he not stretch his authority somewhat for the benefit of people outside of Naples, and order it to let other places alone?

The time may not be far distant when Naples will meet the fate of Pompeii, notwithstanding the commands of its patron saint. A short distance east of Naples is Vesuvius, sending forth its hot lava. West of the city, and about as far off as Vesuvius, is the crater of Solfatara, now sending forth streams of scalding vapor, as it always does when Vesuvius is at work. Between these two is Naples, a city beautiful to look upon, now that it can be seen; but how long will it remain so?

POMPEII, THE DEAD CITY.

In a short time we reached Pompeii, the city that died and was buried—deeply buried—ere Christianity had thrown off its swaddling-garments; buried ere the blood was dry on the cross of Christianity's Founder; buried—deeply buried—until that great truth has grown to man's estate, and covered half the earth with its teachings; buried in the days when Rome, whose vassal she was, was mistress of the world; buried when to be a "Roman Citizen" was to be cosmopolite; buried when the two words "Roman Citizen" were the passport to all the kingdoms of the earth; buried—deeply buried—while old Rome passed down the stream of Time into the great gulf that covers the nations; buried—deeply buried—until to be a "Roman Citizen" was to be a scorn and a by-word; buried—deeply buried—while great empires and mighty peoples have come and gone, like cloud-shadows on the sea. Pompeii, the city that, sitting on the plain, could be hidden as under a veil; the city that was hidden by a veil not made by hands; the city that was

covered by fire and ashes from the great furnaces that are always burning ; Pompeii, the city that was dead and buried while mother-earth saw more than fifty generations of her children born and die ; Pompeii is to-day basking in the sun, waiting for the children of those who once occupied her dwellings and walked her streets, to come, and once again make her walls musical with the voices of men ; waiting, with the stones of her streets as clean and bright as in the days when the great men of the olden time trod their well-worn surfaces ; waiting, as patiently and trustingly under the smoke of burning Vesuvius, as if belching mountains had never done harm to her or her children ; Pompeii, the old city that has been resurrected by the men of the present, tells wonderful tales of the men of the past.

In wandering about its narrow streets, peering into its tenantless houses, one almost expects to meet some of its people, and to be "ordered out of the house."

The frescoes on the walls are fresh and bright, the marble-work looks new and clean ; the jars and tables of the wine-shops hardly seem old ; in the bakers' shops, the convex and concave stone mills look as if they could grind the corn "to-day as well as ever ;" the household utensils (moved to Naples for safe-keeping) look good enough to use ; in fact, it would require but little labor to put the old city once more in a condition to "keep house," notwithstanding its heavy coat of ashes and cinders hid it from the sun for eighteen hundred years.

The walls of the houses are very thick, the streets are narrow, the sidewalks very high above the carriage-way, (which shows the mark of wheels ;) the cross-walks are large stones, set up edgewise across the street, on a level with the sidewalks, with space between them for vehicles and animals. The shops are small and dark, just as they are to-day in Na-

ples—in fact, as they are in all these southern towns. The paving-stones of the streets are large and flat, as in Naples and Florence, but the houses, instead of being tall, like those of to-day, are low—mostly one-story—some of two, and very seldom of three; in fact, so rare were three-story houses in Pompeii, that only one has been found, and that is known as “the house of three stories.”

The work of exhuming still goes on, though but slowly, the working force consisting of a few men and boys, under a government official.

The brick-work just uncovered looks as clean and new as if laid but yesterday, and the frescoes on the walls of houses recently exhumed look as bright as if just left by the painter.

When any thing is found worth preserving, it is removed to the Naples Museum. A few weeks ago a large money-chest was dug up, and is now in the museum. It contains a few copper coins, and looks very much like the iron boxes of to-day, with the addition of a very fine coat of rust. Many articles found at Pompeii are of the same character as those in use with us, especially the steelyards, the counterpart of which can be found in almost every farmhouse in America.

I have visited no place that interested me so much as this old, dead, buried, and resurrected city of Pompeii, and I shall never forget its strong old houses, its ruined temples, its well-worn pavements, its beautiful frescoes, its fine marbles, its broken fountains, its old wine-shops, its “street of abundance,” its prison-vaults, its small, dark shops, its high sidewalks, and the thousand things that carry one back two thousand years into the dead past.

VESUVIUS.

Vesuvius has a bad “breaking out” just now. By day, great clouds of white, steam-like smoke (not black smoke, as in pictures) crown its burning summit, while small vapory

clouds float up from its sides, marking the courses of the lava streams; but when night covers the mountain, this white smoke, colored by the burning crater and molten lava, becomes a rosy-pink, and as it floats up toward the dark clouds, it looks as if the high-priests of the volcano were sending up incense from their subterranean altars, while under this bright smoke the red hot lava moves down the mountain in a dozen streams, seething, burning, grating as it goes.

HOT LAVA.

On leaving the crater, the lava moves very rapidly; but as it flows down the mountain, the surface gradually cools, and it moves more slowly; but even after the surface becomes cold, black, and hard enough to bear the weight of a man, the under side will be hot enough to keep moving.

By day, the smoking mountain looks like a huge coal-pit in which the world's supply of charcoal is being burned; at night, when the red streams glide down its sides, it looks as if the fire had broken through the covering of the pit, and all was going to ashes.

We paid a visit to the lava-currents by night, and the summit from that point was worth seeing.

We were near enough to see cinders and great stones thrown high into the air with a noise like that of artillery. Running lava is better to see at a safe distance than to feel as you walk on its cooled surface; the greater the distance the better for boots, as mine testify; and a ride down from Vesuvius by torchlight is a very romantic thing to do, but not very safe or agreeable. When the fire gets a-going in the forests on the mountains of Pennsylvania or West Virginia, covering as it sometimes does thousands of acres, it makes a grander show than does Vesuvius with its lava; but as that

is simply an American affair, not an eruption of a volcano, but few know or care any thing about it.

CUSTOMS OF THE NAPLES PEOPLE.

Different countries, different customs. Here two men take hold of a common "buck-saw" to saw wood. In our country, one man would, with the same saw, work up more wood than the two men here. Labor is cheap in Naples.

In our country, one man can shoe a horse. Here it takes two; one, the owner or groom, must hold the foot while the smith puts on the shoe.

At convenient places about the streets are little tables, at which men sit to write letters for those who can't do their own writing, and around these tables are persons telling the "scriveners" what they want written. Were these "letter-writers" as talkative as they might be, they could tell some queer tales; but, like the doctors, they never betray family secrets.

The money-changers have their tables, for the sale of small copper change, also on the street corners, and near the public markets. Change is scarce, and these "out-door brokers" drive a good trade.

Almost as plenty as money-changers are the lottery dealers, one of whom can be found on almost every block.

Lottery and other gaming is popular in this part of the world.

There are more ragged, dirty people in Naples than in any other city I have ever visited, and the beggars are the most persistent.

The priests, also, look very poor and seedy, and seem to have hard work to get a living.

The Italian hotel-keepers have so much American patronage that they compliment us by giving their hotels American

names, such as "American," "Washington," "New-York," etc. Nothing like flattery.

The streets of these old cities are admirably paved; and the contrast between them and the streets of our own city in this particular is so marked that I can not refrain from speaking of it often.

If we can't show well-paved streets, we can show much better horses to our public vehicles than any other city I have visited, especially this one; for here the horses are the poorest and worst specimens I ever saw, always excepting the few poor beasts that figure in Spanish bull-fights.

SIBYL'S CAVE.

The Sibyl's Cave, about which so much has been said for a thousand years or more, is a great, dark, gloomy cavern; and the famous "River Styx," which is in it, is a miserable little pool or stream, hardly big enough for boys in petticoats to sail their toy boats on; and the famous Lake Avernus, that ancient and modern poets have had ecstasies over, is about large enough for an artificial fish-pond, on a private gentleman's country-seat. The ruins of ancient temples in their vicinity, however, are really great, and show that their old builders knew how to erect massive structures, even if they did "make a fuss" about other matters, such as small lakes, caves, etc.

The old city of Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome, is to-day as beautifully situated as in those by-gone days, and its people probably as dirty and as much in need of the "light of the Word" as they were in the days of the apostles; at least I should think so from their looks.

OLD CRATER.

A stone thrown on the crust of earth that covers the old crater of the Solfatara volcano produces a sound of hollow-

ness underneath that makes the listening stranger wish himself on firmer earth; while the smell of sulphur and the hot steam that rushes out of it reminds one of the "mouth of hell."

I don't like volcanoes, even when they seem to be dead. They have an uncomfortable way of coming to life, and I was glad to leave old Solfatara and his sulphury steam.

UNDERGROUND ROAD.

To reach this old crater, the Sibyl's Cave, the Villa of Cæsar, etc., we have to go through a tunnel a half-mile long. When we passed through, it was filled with donkeys, goats, carriages, mules, people on foot, oxen geared to carts, with minute donkeys and lame horses, peasants with great loads on their heads, country gigs with the high seat on C springs, priests on foot and on donkeys; the bells on the goats were jingling, the donkeys were braying, the carts were rumbling, the people chatting, the dust flying; the great lamps away up toward the arch of the tunnel (seventy-four feet high) threw a dim light on the confused and confusing mass; forming altogether the strangest mixture of life underground that I ever saw.

About half-way through this subterranean street there is a small shrine or chapel, cut in the rock, before which a lighted lamp always hangs. For some distance before entering the tunnel from the end nearest Naples, people live in caves made in the rocky earth, such as we saw occupied by the gypsies at Granada, only these did not seem quite so clean and comfortable as those.

Noticing men covering some of the streets of Naples with sand on a Sunday morning, I learned that a parade of troops was to take place on that day, and the sand was spread on the smooth pavement to enable them to march

without slipping. Messrs. Managers of parades in New-York may take a hint from this.

SORRENTO.

A few miles from Naples is the quiet little town of Sorrento, sleeping cozily by the sea, with high mountains back of it, and groves of orange and lemon trees scattered all about it; and while you were freezing in the cold, slush, and snow of a New-York winter, we were sitting under the trees, eating the freshly-picked oranges, and listening to the songs of God's feathered warblers.

But all is not summer even here; for old Vesuvius, though but a short distance from Sorrento, is white on three sides with the snow that his fires can not melt, hot as they are. Nothing but the great fire that warms all the earth melts snow on the mountains.

CEMETERY AND BURIAL.

A cemetery in Italy is called a "Campo Santo." The principal one of Naples is some three miles from the centre of the city, beautifully located on high ground, embellished with elegant private "burial-houses," making a part of it look like a pretty village; the houses varying in size, shape, and style of finish, most of them looking like cozy little cottages. These are erected by "burial societies." The graves are above the surface of the ground. On the side of the buildings opposite the graves (which are in gravel) are horizontal niches, or places for coffins, in which the remains of the dead are placed after the bodies have lain a year in the graves.

In another part of this cemetery are the pits in which people are buried whose friends can not pay for graves elsewhere. Here the bodies are thrown pell-mell, without the presence of friends or relatives, the servants of the place and

the resident priest being the only "mourners" on such occasions.

Many interments take place in the evening; and while there, we entered one of the small burial-houses, in which some half-dozen monks were burying one of their dead brothers by candlelight; the body, draped in the grayish-brown cowl and hood of his order, was in a rough, unplanned box. His brothers kindly raised the top of the box to show us the body, which, with folded hands and crucifix on bosom, was sleeping as quietly as if in a rosewood coffin.

Below us lay the city of Naples, its countless lamps gleaming like myriads of fire-flies on a summer's evening. In front of us was Vesuvius; from its summit great clouds of reddish smoke were ascending, and down its sides a dozen streams of red lava were rushing toward the sea, on whose restless waves the moon was casting the silvery light that nowhere seems so soft and glorious as in these regions: leaving the monks to bury their dead brother, we rode back to our hotel.



XVII.

Rome and its Wonders—The Colosseum—Churches—Students—Priests—Bishops—Bones—Worshiping—Church of St. Peter—Statue of St. Peter—Ruins—Springs of Water.

ROME, Feb. 1868.

RUINS to-day mark the seat of old Rome's wonderful power ; and such ruins ! Read about them, talk of them much as one may, they must be seen to be comprehended ; indeed, seeing is hardly enough ; they must be studied and studied, and gazed upon time after time, till, as in experiments in chemistry, or discoveries in astronomy, light breaks upon the gazer, and their immensity is realized, comprehended, appreciated.

Here is the Colosseum. Many of our New-York dwelling-houses are twenty feet wide, and average, perhaps, forty feet in depth. Three hundred such houses, with alleys between, could stand on the ground covered by the ruins of the great amphitheatre. Place three of your four-story houses on top of each other, and the roof of the topmost one would not be higher from the ground than is the top of the outer wall of this pile that has been laughing at Time for eighteen centuries. Close packing and hard squeezing will put about four thousand people into the great hall of Cooper Institute, if all the aisles and lobbies are filled. More than twenty times four thousand persons could be seated in the Colosseum. Great care is taken to preserve it as it is ; for an old super-

stition proclaims the downfall of Rome with the downfall of the Colosseum. Our first visit to it was on a bright day; and as we roamed about its six acres of walls and arches, the birds were singing merrily in the warm sunshine, seeming to bid us of the New World welcome. Our next visit was by moonlight; and as we passed along the corridors, and under the firm old arches, torch in hand, the owls, whose premises were thus rudely invaded, hoarsely screeched their notes for our departure. As the pale light of the moon shone on the crumbling seats, it seemed as if the shadowy forms of those who once filled them were again in their places; and as we emerged beyond the outer wall, the far-off hooting of the angry owls sounded like the dying groans of a gladiator, who had fought his last battle in the old arena.

The Forum, with its broken columns, the Pantheon, obelisks, Cæsarean palaces, baths, pagan temples, the tomb-lined Appian Way, are all wonderful. So are the Catacombs, and the remains of the old aqueducts; and very remarkable are the great detached masses of cemented brick-work seen outside the walls of the city, standing all alone, hundreds of yards from any building or arch or structure of any kind, looking as if they had been broken from some great temple-wall, or other huge buildings larger and greater than any now known, resembling, as they loom up from the smooth plain, enormous, solid towers, grass-wreathed and bush-crowned.

Old Rome, the city of the children of the she-wolf's sucklings, contains more of those children's work than I can describe; more even than I have time to see.

Let old Rome sleep.

What of the Rome of to-day?

Churches; churches once pagan temples; churches never entered by pagan foot; churches rough and ugly without, beautiful and gorgeous within; churches for show, churches

for worship ; churches that count their ages by centuries ; churches of this century, and of each century down, down the stairs of Time, almost to the first steps taken by Christianity on old Time's endless staircase ; churches of the pigmy age, and churches of the time of giants ; churches under-ground, and churches so far above ground that their great domes kiss the clouds, and greet the rising sun long before sleepy devotees know of his coming ; churches cold, dark, and gloomy ; churches warm, light, and cheerful ; churches guarded by dead apostles and saints in marble, and churches watched by living cripples and beggars in rags ; churches from whose walls early Christians were driven by their pagan builders ; churches within whose walls later Christians can not worship ; churches here, churches there, everywhere. Of these, and such as these, is the Rome of to-day.

Students—embryo priests—in white, students in black, students in blue, students in purple, students in scarlet, march up and down its streets, in pairs, in dozens, in scores, in hundreds ; monks, priests, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, Pope. Pope in chair on men's shoulders ; cardinals in scarlet-trimmed coaches, and cardinals on foot in scarlet cloaks—their hands kissed by the people—each one followed by two serving-men in cocked hats and knee-breeches ; archbishops and bishops in plain coaches, and without coaches ; priests single, and priests in couples, dozens, scores ; monks in cowl, hood, rope-girdled, and sandal-shod ; fat monks and lean ones ; dirty monks and monks not clean ; old priests, snuff-taking, sedate, hobbling on weak legs, gray-haired, and age-bent ; young priests, smoking, chatting, laughing, strong-limbed and upright of carriage ; all—students, monks, priests, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, Pope—all moving up and down, in and out, as busily and

earnestly as if the great world could not exist without them. Of these, and such as these, is the Rome of to-day.

Formal ceremony, and ceremonious formality ; ceremonials for plain dress, and ceremonials for state dress ; pomp, etiquette, pageants, shows, processions, feast-days and fast-days, high-days and holidays, carnivals, chauntings, masses ; robes rich and robes plain ; incense, crucifixes and crucifixions in marble and on canvas ; music, music of instruments, music of men, and music of human beings neither men nor women ; music that transports the listener from earth to heaven, music that bids the listener " depart " to the realms of woe ; superstitious awe and awful superstition ; reverence ; piety, genuine and fictitious ; veneration ; papal blessings on things animate and inanimate ; anathemas ; allocutions-papal, and papal bulls ; propagandists, pilgrims, missionaries ; respect for authority, and restlessness under authority ; pride of antiquity ; belief in miracles ; faith in saintly intercessions ; appeals to the Virgin Mother of God ; penances, tributes ; burning candles, and candles blessed for burning ; vows, veil-takings and veil-wearings ; bead-tellings ; worshipings ; miracle-working images, and images made by miracles ; the participants in all which are mixed and mixing, moved and moving, waiting, hoping, praying, fearing, marching, working, idling, believing, doubting, trusting. All, all passing up and down life's highway, to paradise or purgatory. Of these, and such as these, is the Rome of to-day.

On a hill overlooking the city is a small temple on the spot where St. Peter was crucified, head downward. In this temple is a dry well, from which sand or earth is taken, and given in infinitesimal portions to all who want it. I can show a spoonful of it.

As constant dropping wears a stone, so constant dipping out of this well exhausts the supply ; and replenishing must

follow, or the temple would be undermined. No matter; sand taken from under the temple to-day is taken from the spot on which the sturdy old apostle died.

Under a church of the Capuchin monks is a large, well-lighted room, in which are the bones of six thousand brothers of that order, arranged in an artistic manner on shelves, in festoons, in wreaths, in chandeliers, in flower-baskets, in vases, in balances; and to add to the beauties of the scene, dozens of skeletons, clothed in the cowl and hood worn by the order, sit or recline gracefully on the shelves, with bones for beds, bones for pillows, bones for reflection, bones facing their eyeless sockets, bones under and over their grinning jaws, bones for their skeleton fingers to grasp—bones, bones, nothing but bones, under them, and over them, and all around them; and there they sit, waiting for the sound of the trumpet that shall wake them to life again. Of these, and such as these, is the Rome of to-day.

In a dark, stone-walled and stone-roofed dungeon under an old church—a dungeon from which mortal man never escaped; a dungeon in which many a brave old Roman was starved and murdered; a dungeon that makes the visitor sigh for air and light—is a stone pillar to which St. Peter was chained. In front of this, but a few feet from it, is a spring of water which miraculously gushed forth to enable the imprisoned apostle to baptize the jailer, whom his prayers and preaching had converted from Paganism to Christianity. That spring is not yet dry.

Some three hundred years have come and gone, since an old man, bending under the weight of more than “threescore years and ten,” vexed at hearing the Romans of that time boast of the old Pantheon as a thing of wonder, told them he would build a church so large that he could put a Pantheon on its top, which should be so high from the ground

that its lowest stone should be higher than the highest of the Pantheon ; and, to-day, Angelo's dome, on the great church of St. Peter's, tells the world how well the old man kept his word—tells of a higher and greater faith than men had learned when the old Pantheon was new ; and now the mighty structure, crowned by the Pantheon of the Christian, stands, with its walls so thick, and the space they inclose so great, that the temperature within never varies ; symbolical of the universality and equalizing influence of the faith it teaches, a great monument of a great man's genius to the Great Father.

As there was but one Peter among the apostles, so there is but one St. Peter's amongst the world's churches. Since the late political troubles of the papacy, no visitor is allowed in the dome, for fear—so it is said—that some revolutionist may place the flag of Italy on its top. Neither are visitors allowed in the crypt, for fear—so it is said—that some revolutionist may blow up the church.

The Vatican is known as the residence of the Pope. True, the holy father occupies a few of its forty-five hundred rooms, and only a few. Many of the remainder are used for public purposes ; but the great feature of the Vatican—that which makes it famous the world over—is its immense collection of ancient sculpture, its great library, wonderful paintings, and unrivaled museum. Of these, and such as these, is the Rome of to-day.

In the church of St. Peter's there is a large bronze statue of that saint sitting in a marble chair. His right foot extends out to the edge of the base on which it rests. Devotees have kissed this foot, and pressed their foreheads on it so much, that the great toe is worn away almost to the first joint. To one unused to such things, it seems strange to see old men, whose backs are so bent with age that they can barely get their lips and foreheads high enough to reach

the saint's toe, come tremblingly up, cane in hand, take their coat-sleeves to wipe off whatever the last worshiper may have left on the foot, and, with an effort, raise their tottering old heads up, and reverently kiss the toe, and tenderly lay their wrinkled foreheads on it.

Strange is it to us of Protestant America to see mothers lead their little ones up to the place where the bronze figure sits, kiss and press the toe themselves, and then touch the sinless lips of childhood to the cold metal—honest homage of honest hearts. Strange to us, who think we worship ideas, and pay but little heed to the physical types thereof, is it to see stalwart soldiers, booted, and spurred, with their swords clattering over the marble floor, march up to the old saint's statue, cross themselves, kneel on the hard, cold marble, repeat their prayers, rise up and kiss the foot as lovingly as ever youth kissed maiden. Of these, and such as these, is the Rome of to-day.

In another church are the chains with which St. Peter was bound in Jerusalem. They are shown only on special occasions, and as we happened to visit the church at the right time, we were favored with a sight of them. They are looked upon with great reverence by the people; and as the officiating priest presents the loosened end to them, the other end being fastened in a bronze tabernacle, all—men, women, soldiers, priests, students, children—all press forward to kiss the rusty links that once bound the body of their great saint.

I have but little faith in forms and ceremonies; don't think the kissing of bronze toes or fleshly ones, of any great consequence; don't imagine there is much piety to be conducted, like electricity, from a rusty chain, to those who touch it; and most certainly I am not one of those who sneer at such things, as many of our people here do; and, while I do not

practice these ceremonies, I can sympathize with the feeling of reverence, of awe, of love, of piety, that prompts those who do. It is of such material that the early apostles and martyrs of our faith were made; of such stuff were formed the later apostles and martyrs who have carried the great doctrines of religious freedom over so much of the earth; a feeling not to be sneered at in Jew or Gentile, in Christian or Pagan, in Papist or Protestant.

The streets of Rome are well paved with small, square blocks of stone—smaller, and better laid, than our Belgian; are destitute of sidewalks, and prolific of dirt; full of licensed beggars, with brass badges on their breasts, like those worn by the licensed porters of New-York, given over to squads of armed patrolmen after nightfall. There one sees many fine carriage-horses, with their hind-feet bare of shoes, and fore-feet only three-quarters shod; great buildings, made of material from older and greater ones; artists of the present, that live by copying artists of the past. Of these, and such as these, is the Rome of to-day.

At this season of the year, the climate of Rome is very agreeable; the atmosphere perfectly transparent, clear, charming; the sky a lovely blue, and almost cloudless. The country around the city is magnificent; the land as soft and mellow as ashes, easy of tillage, and very fertile.

In the winter, Rome is a great rendezvous for American "Society" people; for those who hold receptions, and those who attend them; for balls, flirtations, calls, and all the ten thousand follies that make up our watering-place life at Saratoga, and Newport, and Long Branch. Fifth Avenue tries to outshine Madison Avenue; Murray Hill looks down with contempt on people from elsewhere; up-town belles set up their pretty noses at the young men from below Madison Square; and for Americans traveling in Europe not to visit

Rome in the winter, and go into "society," is to be unfashionable at home.

Each age has its follies, and ours, it is safe to say, has its share.

Greenbacks buy gold; gold buys pleasure, or that which passes for it; and so the wheels of Time roll on in Europe, in America, in the old world and in the new.



XVIII.

A Good Rule—Sunday Labor—Leghorn—Lucca—Pistoia—Bologna—Its Campo Santo—Old Schools and Female Professors—Venice—Its Canals—Bridges—Gondolas—Churches—Pigeons—Carnival—Square of St. Mark—Lotteries—Water Carriers, etc.—A Dangerous Key—Plains of Lombardy—Railway Station—Milan—Its Great Cathedral—Da Vinci's Last Supper, etc., etc.

MILAN, ITALY, March, 1868.

IN the passengers' rooms at the railway station in Rome, there is a printed notice to the effect that, inasmuch as the employees of the railway derive their support from the public, the public are entitled to and must receive from said employees civil treatment; a notice that is not only printed, but enforced, and its spirit might be beneficially copied at home.

We left the city of imperial ruins on a bright Sunday morning for Leghorn, passing the fortified and garrisoned town of Civita Vecchia, the seaport town of Rome, through a poor country, though capable in spots of supporting large flocks of sheep. As we were passing through the dominions of the Pope, a territory exclusively under the control, absolute and imperative, of the head of the Church, we were somewhat surprised at seeing large gangs of men at work on the railway. However, I suppose it was all right.

Leghorn, a nice, clean-looking city, has several handsome

squares ; the streets are paved with cut stone, are clean, and its people appeared busy. Lady readers will remember this as the place where the famous Leghorn bonnets are made.

LUCCA.

From Leghorn to Lucca, passing the old city of Pisa and getting a last view of the leaning tower, we traverse a garden-like region, under high cultivation, and charming in appearance, even at this season, when the trees and vines are bare of leaves. Much of the route between Leghorn and Venice, on either side of the Apennine Mountains, is over luxuriant plains ; the fields are skirted by trees, from which the vines hang in festoons ; isolated farm-houses are seen in every direction, many of them with barns attached, making the whole look perfectly charming. Lucca (the first place in Italy to produce and manufacture silk) is one of those quiet, old Italian cities that seem to have retired from active life and gone into a state of animated vegetation. A ride around the town on its immensely strong ramparts is a very pleasant thing ; and the country seen therefrom is such as can't be seen every day by the traveler.

PISTOIA.

Between Lucca and Pistoia (the birthplace of the pistol) we saw several women in the fields spinning flax while watching flocks of sheep. Nothing like industry ; and the women in Europe practice that virtue much more than the men. Pistoia is another old town wherein the people seem to do nothing but breathe, and gaze at the few strangers that chance to wander about its narrow streets.

After leaving Pistoia, we crossed a spur of the Apennines, passing through forty-five tunnels in a five hours' ride, going up and down some very heavy grades, so heavy that a powerful locomotive could barely move a very light train.

BOLOGNA.

As we neared Bologna, the ground was white with snow ; and on entering the city, we found snow-piles in the streets from four to eight feet high, the snow being thrown out of the centres of the streets and piled up next to the sidewalks, making the streets look very like those in New-York, after the railroad tracks are cleared.

Bologna is a fine old city ; its streets are paved with small cobble stone ; its high sidewalks are covered by corridors or arcades, made by the houses extending to the carriage-way, and resting on heavy arches ; it contains ninety thousand people, and has one hundred churches.

PALACE OF THE DEAD.

The city has one of the most extensive and beautiful Campo Santos or cemeteries to be found in Italy, a large, roomy, well-arranged, and really grand palace of the dead. It embraces an extensive range of buildings, covering several acres, divided into corridors, halls and rooms, in such a manner as to be ornamental, and the interments are so managed as not to be injurious to the living.

Leading from the city to one of the suburban churches is a covered gallery or passage-way three miles in length, the roof of which is supported by four hundred and twenty-seven arches.

In the Library of Bologna is the portrait of one of its former librarians, a man that could converse in, read and write, more than one hundred languages and dialects.

FEMALE DOCTORS.

The friends of Female Doctors may be pleased to be reminded that women were educated for the learned profes-

sions in the great schools of Bologna hundreds of years ago. The daughter of one of their most renowned professors often filled her father's place in the lecture-room; and younger readers may be pleased to know that this lady was not only learned, but also very pretty, so pretty that she always stood behind a screen when lecturing, that the students might not be attracted more by her beauty than by the subject she discussed.

The schools of Bologna can not be ridiculed by those who oppose the education of women as physicians, for they were the best the world had ever known; they were the first to practice dissections of the human body, now acknowledged to be one of the greatest steps toward a proper knowledge of the machine that is so "wonderfully and fearfully made;" here also galvanism was discovered. These famous schools not only made Doctors in Medicine of women, but also Doctors in Law, besides creating them professors in all the higher branches of college learning. So you see that female doctors are not a modern innovation.

VENICE.

Venice, the rusty bride of the Adriatic, is approached by a bridge over two miles in length, built of brick and stone, laid on piles, of which over eighty thousand were required. It rests on two hundred and twenty-two arches, each of thirty-three feet span; is twenty-nine feet wide. Twenty-one millions of bricks, and more than 200,000 cubic feet of cut stone, were used in its construction; and a thousand men worked on it over four years. The water under it is from three to thirteen feet deep.

VENICE ON ISLANDS.

Few cities have had more said and written about them than Venice. Poets, historians, playwrights, and letter-wri-

ters have made the world familiar with it ; but perhaps there may be some persons that would like to be reminded that the famous old city stands on over seventy islands, that lay scattered about in the waters of a great lagoon.

Why the founders of a city should have selected a lot of sandy, marshy islands to have built it on, in preference to the main-land, is more than I can understand, even though the books tell us that it was to get out of the way of enemies ; but why the aforesaid enemies could not get to the city as well as those who built it passes my comprehension ; however, in spite of, or rather some time before, my questioning the wisdom of the locality, a city was founded on those sandy, marshy islands, which in time became one of the great cities of the world, and its men have for ages been recognized as among the famous ones that have made the history of the race.

The buildings having been erected on islands, the water courses between them became canals ; they serve for highways around the islands, while the interiors or centres are cut up and divided into lanes, alleys, and streets, with occasionally a sprinkling of open squares, some large enough for a garden, and some almost large enough for a very small "hen-ery."

CANALS AND STREETS OF VENICE.

Many people suppose that there are no streets in Venice ; this is a mistake ; as I have stated above, the interiors of these seventy odd islands have more or less streets, if passages three feet wide can be called streets.

To get around these islands on the canals referred to, over three thousand gondolas, queer looking, black, fancifully-shaped boats, find employment ; and to get from island to island, more than three hundred bridges have been made of

stone and brick, among them the "Rialto," where in old Shylock's day merchants most did congregate.

OLD BRIDGES AND PALACES.

Many of these bridges have stood for centuries ; some of them look as if they could last for ages to come, while others have already needed the aid of props to hold them up ; and the same may be said of many of the finest buildings in the city, including some of the gorgeous old churches, of which Venice has several. Many of the buildings have two fronts, one on a little street, and one on a canal, that on the canal often being the most imposing ; in fact, some of the grandest palaces in Venice have their best fronts on the canals ; especially is this true of those on the Grand Canal.

SQUARE OF ST. MARK.

The great feature of Venice is the Square of St. Mark, a fine open space of some six hundred feet in length and nearly three hundred in width, paved with flat stones and surrounded by beautiful buildings, among them the wonderful Cathedral of St. Mark, in which the Saint's remains now rest. In one corner of the square, the great Bell Tower rises over three hundred and twenty feet, bearing on the top an angelic weathercock, measuring thirty feet between the crown of his head and the soles of his feet.

CARNIVAL.

The Square of St. Mark is the most picturesque place of the kind I have seen, especially in the evening, during the Carnival season, at which time it is a perfect little ocean of human fantastics, queer costumes, fine music, masked dancers, masked promenaders, gay banners, colored lights, clowns and gentleman, nabobs and beggars, and all the odds and ends that Venetian fun and Italian fancy can suggest, not omitting

scores of men and boys selling pumpkin-seeds, which the people eat as they do nuts, candy, and fruit; indeed, pumpkin-seeds seemed to be the most popular article of street consumption.

IMITATION PRIESTS.

Among the maskers were a group of young men, dressed like priests, marching about, prayer-book in hand, looking as demure as genuine members of the cloth; wherever they went a great crowd gathered about them, evidently pleased at seeing the broad-brimmed, black-robed fraternity caricatured; for in these days the priests of Italy are not so popular and powerful as they once were.

SUNDAY LOTTERIES.

Another phase of Venetian life is seen in the Square of St. Mark on a Sunday afternoon, when the whole space is filled with people to witness the drawing of a lottery.

At the end of the square nearest to, and in front of the Church of St. Mark, a temporary tower, about twelve feet square and twenty in height, is erected, in which the drawing takes place; and as the numbers entitled to prizes are drawn, they are reported on each of the four sides of the tower, so that all the people in sight may see what they are; and to let persons beyond the square also know, a number of men are stationed at convenient points in the vicinity, who proclaim as loudly as they can bawl the numbers of the lucky tickets; by the use of this shouting telegraph, the whole city knows each number as soon as drawn. Old men and young women, boys and girls, well-dressed and shabby, all flock to the square to see the drawing, all interested, all excited; hundreds with paper and pencil in hand recording the number of each lucky ticket as announced. The highest prize drawn at the time we were present was fifteen hun-

dred francs, or three hundred dollars; the lucky holder was a poor sewing girl, who fell into a fainting fit on learning of her fortune! After the drawing was over, a band of musicians march to the girl's residence, playing all sorts of lively airs on the way.

That is one sort of Sunday amusement in Venice. In the evening, the great square was again filled with fantastic masqueraders, all orderly and civil. The crowds of promenaders and amusement seekers in these continental cities are always civil, orderly, well-behaved, and conduct themselves in a manner that might be advantageously imitated by the American Eagle.

PIGEON-FEEDING.

Every day, at two in the afternoon, the bells in the great Tower of St. Mark ring out a short, lively peal, at the first stroke of which scores of pigeons fly into the square from all directions; in a few minutes, they can be counted by hundreds and thousands; they come from all parts of the city, at the sound of the bell, to get their dinners, for this is the general feeding time. The pigeons being held in high regard by the Venetians, a fund is provided for buying their food. It is quite an interesting sight to see them flock into the square at the sound of the bell.

WATER-WORKS.

Venice being built on sandy, marshy islets, surrounded by salt water, wells can not be depended on, though water of an inferior quality is obtained from artesian wells, and some rain-water is saved in cisterns; but the principal supply of water for drinking and cooking is brought in boats some thirty miles, by the city, placed in cisterns or vats, filtered and doled out in limited quantities to each family without

cost; but if more than the fixed quantity is used, it must be paid for.

Many families club together, transport their own supplies of water independent of the city, and store it in their own cisterns. The quantity allowed each family would surprise New-Yorkers, who use and waste so much of the glorious Croton. Suppose you could get only six common-sized pailsful of water per day, say forty to fifty quarts; that is about the quantity allowed a family. If more is wanted, it must be paid for; and to see that each family is kept within the fixed quantity, a municipal officer is stationed at the wells to enforce the rule.

This quantity probably suffices for most families, as these people drink very little water, all drinking wine, the common sorts of which are very cheap: for laundry purposes they manage to save a little rain water; while the water from the canals is good enough for bathing.

WATER-CARRIERS.

The water is carried into the houses by female "Water-Carriers," good, stout girls, with felt hats, red cheeks, and no hoops. It is conveyed in small copper pails, holding eight or ten quarts each, which are carried on a stick placed on the right shoulder, a pail hanging at each end of the stick; the streets being so narrow that the yoke or stick can not be worn across the shoulders, as one sees sap carried in those parts of our country where we make maple sugar, or as foot-peddlers of kerosene in our city carry their merchandise.

QUIET STREETS.

Sleepy people in Venice are not disturbed by the noise of horses and vehicles in the streets, for there are none to be seen or heard, not even a donkey; though I was told that in

one of the outskirts of the city there were about a dozen horses kept for the saddle.

The carrying is all done in boats or by porters; and the only wheeled vehicles seen are the wheelbarrows used by the street-sweepers for removing sweepings. The streets and squares are all paved with flat dressed stone, and are kept very clean,—an easy job where there are no horses.

To one accustomed to seeing streets filled with horses and vehicles, the entire absence of them is very noticeable.

A POISONING KEY.

In the arsenal museum there is a closet filled with instruments of murder and torture, among them a key so arranged as to throw poisoned needles into the hand of one using it. When the owner of the key wished to get rid of a person, he would hand it to him and request him to unlock a certain door; as the unsuspecting victim placed the key in the door, a concealed spring forced the poisoned needle into his hand, and death ensued. Ingenious people were the tyrants of old times!

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK.

Venice contains several very fine churches, among them the Cathedral of St. Mark, one of the most elaborately ornamented churches in Italy, a perfect museum of rich marbles and elegant mosaics; the floor or pavement is of tessellated marble of the most beautiful design and colors, though it is now from age and the nature of the foundation on which it rests very uneven, and getting into a very bad condition.

There are few churches in Europe containing more fine work than can be found in this old, dark, dingy, dusty, church, whose interior is spoiled by scores of gloomy passage-ways and miserable, crooked little corridors, dismal chapels, and unpleasant rookeries of all sorts and sizes. Among the ob-

jects of veneration in the cathedral is a granite slab, upon which Christ stood when he preached to the people of Tyre; a small piece of his garment; some earth once moistened with his blood; part of the stone pillar to which he was bound; a piece of the cross on which he died; a lock of hair from the head of the Virgin; a ring worn by St. Mark; and the skull of St. Philip!

PLAINS OF LOMBARDY.

From Venice to Milan, over the historic plains of Lombardy, is one hundred and seventy-five miles by rail, the whole distance being a perfect garden in fertility and cultivation; the handsomest and most fertile region I ever saw in one continuous ride of an equal distance.

MILAN.

The railway depot at Milan is a palace in size, royal in appearance, large, light, roomy, elegant, and fit for an emperor; and the city is one of those places in which the traveler feels at home, and would like to remain for a season—the streets are clean, the buildings fine, the public gardens handsome, the people polite, civil, busy, with healthy, cheerful faces. Of beggars there is a scarcity; of dwarfs, male and female, a surplus.

The streets are admirably paved with very small cobble stones, not larger than geese eggs; in the centre of the streets are broad flat stones for carriage wheels, with space between them for horses; the sidewalks are on a level with the carriage way.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

The cathedral of Milan, externally, is one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, in Europe; but its interior

is far behind scores of others in appearance. The guide that conducts you about it will tell you that it is second in size to St. Peter's at Rome; but he is not aware of the existence of some of the great churches in Spain that are larger and more impressive than this of Milan, though in external beauty this surpasses all in that old kingdom.

It is built of white marble, walls, spire, turrets, pinnacles, floor, roof and all, all white marble, as are also the seven thousand statues that ornament it within and without.

Five hundred years' labor has so nearly completed it that only one hundred and twenty more will be required to make it a finished church!

To get about on its roof, among the hundreds of needle-like pinnacles, any one of them fit for the steeple of a little American church, a guide is necessary; and as you roam about through the galleries, around the pinnacles, up and down long flights of stairs, looking at the people in the streets hundreds of feet below you, viewing the city spread like a map before you, with the great plain around it, and the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland away in the dim distance, you become delighted with the grandeur of a scene long to be remembered.

A GORGEOUS TOMB.

From the roof of marble slabs, marble pinnacles, and marble statues, down into the basement, is a journey easier mentioned than made; but made it must be, or the traveler will not see the gorgeous tomb of San Carlo, (the good Charles Borromeo,) one of the great saints of Milan. The tomb is in an under-ground chapel, octagon in shape; the eight panels that form its sides, covered with bas reliefs of silver gilt, represent scenes in the life of the saint.

Back of the altar is a massive shrine of silver, the front

part made to open like the revolving iron shutters on some of our New-York buildings ; within this is a magnificent coffin of silver and rock crystal, through the panels of which the visitor can see all there is of the dead saint, enveloped in the splendid robes he wore when living. The face, in spite of the embalmer's art, is as brown and skull-like as if friendly skill had never tried to make it otherwise ; and there the dead Charles rests as quietly as if sleeping in a pauper's grave, undisturbed by the offerings and prayers of devotees, or the curious gaze of traveling sight-seers.

THE LAST SUPPER.

In a dingy old room, in a dingy old building attached to a dingy old church, high up on a rough plastered wall, is a frescoed painting, that has been more written and talked about, copied more times, and in more various sizes, styles, and modes than any other picture or painting the world has ever known ; day by day its magnificent beauties crumble, atom by atom the old wall peels off, each atom taking more or less of the genius that the world has worshiped for centuries ; little by little "The Last Supper" of Da Vinci is passing away into the all-absorbing oblivion that sooner or later swallows every thing done by human hands. It can not be removed, for it is on common wall plaster ; it can not be repainted, for then it would not be Da Vinci's ; and there it is, a lessening glory of departed genius.

THE CARNIVAL IN DIFFERENT CITIES.

Before leaving Rome, we saw the carnival season inaugurated by civic and religious dignitaries ; witnessed a horse race on the Corso, where the horses run a mile without riders, in a street like Broadway ; saw the Romans sprinkle each other with little pellets of plaster of Paris, till they looked as white as so many millers ; observed that working

at carnival time was not allowed in the old city. At Leghorn we saw that working was allowed, and that the people seemed to be having a gay time in their carnival. At Venice we saw the people masked by the thousands, gay dresses and priestly caricatures all the go; and at Milan we saw the whole city turned into a great masquerade, stores closed, business suspended, pellets thrown by the bushel—bands of music parading the streets, huge cars full of masqueraders ridiculing old Rome, ridiculing the priests, ridiculing Napoleon, laughing at every thing, and frolicking with every body—a real jolly, fun-making and fun-enjoying crowd of children, girls, boys, women. and men.



XIX.

From Milan via the Brenner Pass, Munich, Strasbourg, etc., to Paris—Powdered Heads and Faces—Stately Policemen—Verona—Juliet's House and Tomb—Old Amphitheatre—Botzen—Innsbruck—Railway Scenery—Munich—Beer—Dead-House—Finger-Rings, Wires, Alarm Bells for the Dead—Railway Tickets—Storks' Nests, etc., etc., etc.

PARIS, March, 1868.

FROM Milan, the city that in former times was the maker of fashions, as Paris now is; the city where the fashionable ladies of to-day fill their hair and cover their faces with so much white powder as to make them look as if just out of a meal-bag; the city where stately policemen, enveloped in dark coats, with skirts reaching to their feet, their hands encased in black gloves, the crowns of their stove-pipe hats covered with leather, march with a dignified manner about the streets with silver-headed cane-like baton in hand, to Verona—the Verona of “Romeo and Juliet”—is some four hours' ride over the blood-fertilized plains of Lombardy, passing in sight of the blue waters of Lake Garda, one of the pretty lakes that Italy is proud of.

VERONA.

The old town of Verona is classed as one of the “strong places” of Europe; its fortifications are extensive and of great strength. Some of the streets are wide enough for an army to manœuvre in, and some are so narrow that soldiers would have to march “Indian file” to get through them.

OLD AMPHITHEATRE.

The amphitheatre, eighteen centuries old, is in an admirable state of preservation, better than the one at Nîmes or even the Colosseum, for the reason that in former times certain municipal functionaries, when taking office, were compelled to put one block of stone in place of one fallen into decay ; by this means the old building has been preserved, and that, too, without making a new one, as was the case with the Yankee boy's old knife which had been blessed with a new blade and handle ; for in the case of the old amphitheatre only a small portion of the whole has needed any repairing.

"Romeo and Juliet," or rather Juliet, is remembered traditionally in Verona, by an old house, now used as a cheap tavern for peasants being shown as the house where she lived, and by an old stone wash-trough, or long square tub, shown as her tomb. Nobody cares to show any memento of Romeo.

In front of many shops there may be seen the drollest signs imaginable, mostly grotesque images of religious heroes and patron saints.

Verona has the usual supply of churches that one sees in all these Italian cities.

On our way from Verona to Munich, via the Brenner Pass, (4700 feet above the sea,) we visited the old towns of Botzen and Innsbruck, curious old German places.

RAILWAY SCENERY.

A part of this route through the Austrian and Bavarian Tyrol is of a very interesting character. The railway winds and twists in a zig-zag fashion up the mountains, leaps over rapid streams, dives through dark tunnels, crawls slowly along the edge of projecting cliffs, hundreds of feet below which little villages ensconce themselves as if afraid of the cars. Now, over some small, mellow field where a native

was plowing the soft earth with three pair of oxen to one plow, (driver on the off-side of the team,) a job that one horse could easily do; then crossing scores of narrow roads, the train almost touching the numerous shrines, nearly all containing figures of Christ—scarcely one of the Virgin; over other small, well-tilled fields, where men with clean white aprons were spreading manure; now across a quiet little nook of a valley, then around the brow of a mountain whose sides and top were covered with snow; here past a stone-quarry, then past great beds of porphyry.

Botzen, a town of some business importance, is protected from a mountain stream by a stone wall two miles in length and nearly twenty-four feet thick. Many of the houses extend to the outer edges of the sidewalk, making low, narrow, dark arcades, and causing the shops to look gloomy enough.

Small and very rapid streams of water run through many of its narrow streets.

INNSBRUCK.

Innsbruck is a larger town than Botzen. In an old church there is one of the most exquisitely wrought marble monuments in the Old World. The sides are covered with twenty-four *bas reliefs*, or I may say, marble pictures in relief, done in the most perfectly wonderful manner, many of the pictures equaling in beauty the best cameos of ancient or modern times.

The portraits in marble on some of these tablets, though very small—almost small enough to be worn as personal ornaments—are so perfect as to be easily and instantly recognized by their resemblance to the historical portraits hanging in the great galleries of Europe.

The twenty-four tablets embrace historical incidents in the career of one of the Maximilians, such as battles, sieges, surrenders, marriages, etc.

This monument is surrounded (it stands in the centre of the church) by twenty-eight bronze figures, fully as large as life, of kings, emperors, and other by-gones—queer looking old chaps, loaded down with all sorts of uncouth implements of war.

MUNICH.

Leaving the old town of Innsbruck, we journeyed on to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, famous for its art galleries and beer-drinking. Munich, or, as its people spell it, "München," is quite a pretty city, with many fine streets, kept clean by women, who also saw and split fire-wood. The sidewalks are well covered by handsome military officers, whose long white overcoats reach down to their boot-heels, and by continuous processions of men and women, boys and girls, carrying empty beer mugs to, and full ones from, the breweries and beer-shops. Beer-drinking appears to be a very popular branch of trade in Munich.

Letter-writers have written so much about the art matters of Munich that nothing is left for me to write. As a matter of course I went up into the head and looked out of the eyes of the great bronze statue of Bavaria, a huge female figure, sixty-one feet from the crown of its head to the soles of its feet.

The funeral pageant of the dead ex-king was on a small scale, much smaller than some of the huge breweries he used to visit when living, much smaller and less impressive than the grand picture galleries he established, and which have made Munich all it is in the world of art.

A DEAD-HOUSE.

Adjoining the cemetery, whose graves know no difference between papist and protestant, there is a large well-lighted and well-ventilated "dead-house," in which every corpse

brought for interment in the cemetery is laid and kept a certain time before it is removed to its last resting-place.

The bodies are placed on inclined tables, decked in such clothing as purse will allow or taste suggest, flowers in all cases being used in great profusion.

When we were there, some twenty bodies were waiting interment.

All ages were represented, from the youngest of infants to the oldest of men. Some looked as fresh as if pain and death had left them untouched. Others "grinned horribly forth the ghastly smile" that painters give to the grim old king whose summons all humanity has to obey.

FINGER-RINGS ON THE DEAD.

ON one finger of each corpse, a ring is placed. To this ring a wire is attached that leads to the office of the watchman, and at the office end of this wire there is a bell—all being so perfectly adjusted that the slightest movement of the deceased person's finger will ring the bell; even the contraction of muscles that sometimes follows death has been known to ring the bell.

This ring, wire, and bell are used for the prevention of premature burials, as it is related that some person was once buried alive in Munich; and to prevent the occurrence of such a horrid fate, the above precautions have been taken for many years. It is a singular sight to see so many deceased persons lying together in a large, well-lighted room, covered with flowers, each one with the ring and wire attached to a finger.

The bronze foundery at Munich turns out much of the largest and best of modern bronze work, some of which has found its way to our own country; the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington were wrought therein.

Would our readers like a bedstead that required forty persons fifteen years to finish? Such a one is in an old palace in Munich.

Sleep is no sweeter on such a bedstead than on the cot of the poorest man, whose tired body needs no tinsel wherewith to coax slumber.

TO PARIS.

From Munich to Paris, via Augsburg, Ulm, Stuttgart, Strasbourg, and Nancy, is a pleasant trip, notwithstanding one has a railway ticket five inches wide and eighteen inches long. Paper is cheap in that part of the world.

Between Munich and Augsburg, most of the country is flat and wet, with little good land, though the small white houses of the peasants looked clean and comfortable.

In the vicinity of Ulm, the land is good and well cultivated, though many of the orchards of fruit-trees were sadly in need of the pruning knife and of something that would remove the yellow moss which covered most of the trees.

The hill-sides were terraced to their very summits, and covered with vines. At convenient distances, stone steps led from the valleys, in straight lines, up to their summits, some of these stairways being hundreds of feet from bottom to top.

Strasbourg is a fine old city, whose tall, sharp-gabled houses with windows in their roofs give it a singular appearance. In the spring of the year, the storks come from Egypt and build their nests on the tops of the chimneys there to raise their young.

From the roof of the Great Cathedral, one may see hundreds of these African sojourners safely at work, building their nests on the tall chimney-tops.

The spire of the Cathedral of Strasbourg is said to be the tallest in Europe.

The danger of ascending to its top is so great, from the open character of its architecture, that the ascent above a certain point is prohibited. Several lives have been lost in the attempt.

From Strasbourg to Nancy, the country is generally very fine and highly cultivated, some portions of the route are really charming. Nancy is one of the prettiest little cities in France; has broad, well-paved, clean streets, pretty little squares, fine public buildings, and comfortable-looking dwellings. A few hours by rail takes the traveler from Nancy to Paris, city of boulevards, cafés, shops, soldiers, emperors, and revolutions.



XX.

Sewers of Paris—Babies and Nurses—Bologne—Bank Bills for Waste Paper—A Small Bill for a Large Sum—Ball-et-Dancers—Heads—Royal Consumers—Asses' Milk—Beef Raw and Roasted—Fish, etc., etc.

LONDON, May, 1868.

THE great sewers of Paris are worth visiting ; at any rate, large parties of ladies and gentlemen think so, and take great pains to get permission to go through them. We were a part of a large company, mostly Americans, that assembled one fine April day near the Church of the Madeleine, to take our turn for an excursion under the streets of the great city.

A RIDE UNDERGROUND.

After a short delay, the heavy iron door was raised ; we passed down a flight of steps, and found ourselves in one of the great sewers that helps to make Paris tolerably healthy. Polite, uniformed officials helped us into boats, and away we went, towed by men pulling like horses on a canal tow-path.

Our party was so large that several boats were required.

After a short boating experience, we were transferred to railway cars, so constructed as to run directly over the canal part or water-course of the sewers, while between the sides of the canal and the walls of the sewer there were narrow sidewalks on which men passed to and fro, including those who propelled the cars.

The great sewers are not like the little brick canals we make in New-York for the drainage of our dirty city, but

large, roomy, airy, underground avenues, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and from seven to ten feet high, well supplied with gas lamps, and entirely free from the close, sickening atmosphere that finds its way out of our New-York sewers when opened.

Securely placed on huge iron brackets made fast to the solid stone sides of these sewers are monster iron pipes for the conveyance of water throughout the city and where the water and wash of the streets find its way down into the canals of the main sewers, it comes down over stone steps, like broken cascades, not in one compact mass, as it does into the inlets of our New-York sewers.

After nearly two hours' ride in the sewers by boat and car, we emerged above ground, near the old tower of St. Jacques.

GARDENS AND BABIES.

From the sewers underneath to the garden of the Tuileries on the surface, from underground gaslight to above-ground sunlight, is an agreeable change. On any pleasant day in spring-time, one may see in the Parisian gardens and squares more of infantile humanity than elsewhere. At one glance, acres of babies, and thousands of nurses—old nurses and young ones, pretty nurses and plain ones, good-natured ones and crusty ones, wet nurses and dry ones, fat nurses and lean ones—all, old, young, pretty and ugly, fat and lean, wet and dry, all wearing black dresses, clean white caps, and cleaner white aprons; and as to the "babies," ay, the babies, that is another matter entirely.

A person may attempt a description of the nurses; they are grown up, and, no longer children, are nobody's darlings; but the babies are not grown up, are somebody's darlings, somebody's pets, and must not be spoken lightly of, not they; are they not the pets of pas, the delights of mas, the hopes

of grandpas, the only comforts of aunts, the pride of cousins? Their red cheeks and bright eyes, and toddling, waddling gaits must be praised; if they tumble over, they must be helped up and made to laugh; no tear-drop must be allowed to furrow their smooth faces; pa may smile, ma may laugh, grandpa may chuckle with glee, aunts may take comfort, cousins may be proud, while these thousands of budding humanities caper and laugh and gambol under the old trees whose young leaves are budding with more promise of a mature hereafter than the human buds under their branches, thousands of whom will never reach the sere and yellow leaf of matured humanity. Out of these Parisian gardens and squares but few children are seen, but in them the little darlings can be counted by the thousand.

BOULOGNE.

From Paris to Boulogne is some six hours by the northern railway, through, for a part of the way, very fine country.

Boulogne "by the sea" is not a very interesting place to the traveler leaving France, especially if the wind is so strong as to prevent the departure of the steamer for England though the female fish-dealers with their short dresses, red cheeks, and huge ear-rings of gold and silver, give the place rather a peculiar appearance.

The fish trade of the town is very considerable, as it is one of the principal depots for the catch of the North Sea, and the market for the sale of the scaly merchandise is worth visiting.

One portion of the city is inhabited by the families of the fishermen; and the making of new, the repairing and drying of old fish-nets, is carried on in every house, and in the narrow streets.

TO LONDON.

After waiting, impatiently, two days for the wind to die away, we left the shores of La Belle France for the home of

John Bull, and on landing at Folkestone, went on shore in a genuine English rain, took seats in the cars, and flew away to London, the great home of smoke, and noise, and bustle, and Hansoms, and omnibuses, and railways, over house-tops, and railways under the house cellars.

I shall not tire the reader with a description of London, as I do not know enough about it to make any such attempt, though I could not well avoid noticing a few things as being somewhat different from things at home. The poor people looked much poorer and more downcast than with us, notwithstanding their long soap-locks were well greased. Of an evening, some of the principal streets were alive with unfortunate females, whose importunities were not confined to mere words, but strong hands would be laid on the male traveler, and very urgent physical efforts made to force him along.

This class of persons were more numerous, and more decided in plying their dreadful trade, than I ever saw elsewhere.

Gin-shops (patronized by male and female) are almost as abundant as in New-York, but not quite.

BANK-NOTES.

In the rooms of the bank of England, one can see more tons of waste paper in the shape of canceled bank-notes, waiting its turn for burning, than can be found in any old paper warehouse in America.

It is piled up in stacks ; and not only counts its weight by thousands and thousands of pounds avoirdupois, but also foots up its millions and millions of pounds sterling, once good for tons of gold and silver.

The bank never puts out a note more than once. When it comes back to the bank, it is kept, and the coin or another note is issued in its place.

Every day these returned notes are sorted, marked, dated, bundled, and laid away, and, after being kept a certain time, are destroyed.

A very few old notes are shown as curiosities ; one, for a large amount, was out of the bank for one hundred years before it was returned for redemption, and one—the only one ever issued—for one million of pounds sterling, say over seven millions of dollars in greenbacks, was a little, soiled, ragged piece of brownish paper, in appearance scarcely fit for a cigar-lighter.

Piles of gold and hills of silver are abundant in the bank of England.

Compared with the ballet-dancers of Milan, those of London have the advantage, in weight, firmness of step, solidity of underpinning, and strength.

The contrast between the heads of English ladies, as seen in the theatres, and those of the ladies of Spain and Italy, as seen in the theatres of those countries, is very striking, the former being much the largest, and giving decidedly greater indications of intellect and all that denotes brain.

The people of London, as seen in the streets and public places, have a ruddy, healthy look, and seem to feel pretty well.

ROYAL CONSUMERS.

The royal family must be enormous consumers of all sorts of commodities ; for a great proportion of the shops tell the public that they are purveyors to, or are patronized by, that family. Clothiers, hatters, shoers, grocers, bakers, hosiers, and every other branch of trade conduce to the supply of the Queen's household ; not omitting one shop, where a big sign proclaims that a " Purveyor of asses' milk to the Royal Family," is a business worth following. Sneering philosophers have intimated that this sort of aliment has had

its effect on the juvenile branches of the royal household.

London parks are fine, horses ditto, carriages heavy, servants well liveried, streets pretty well paved, and some of them more crowded than Broadway.

Members of Parliament do not look well with their hats on while in session; that is, to the eyes of their American visitors, but neither "Lords" nor "Commons" care for that.

BEEF.

A morning visit to Covent Garden Market will enable the visitor to see about as much beef as can be seen elsewhere in the same space.

Beef to the right, to the left, in front; fattened and slaughtered, tallowed and dressed; up lanes and down alleys, through streets and across avenues; lined and walled and flanked, and bastioned and turreted with beef, huge quarters thereof being lugged in and out, up and down, by stout porters with cheeks as red as the beef they carry. Beef here, there, everywhere; fat and lean, heavy and light.

English roast beef is entitled to its good reputation; so is English mutton; but good beefsteaks are counted with those things that a few weeks' sojourn in Britain did not enable us to find, though we made daily search therefor in the best hotels. English beer is good, and not dear.

FISH.

Leaving meat and beer, we took a morning stroll to Billingsgate Fish Market, passing Newgate Prison. Here one can see fish enough to supply the world with its Friday's dinner; big fish and little ones; fish with scales and fish without scales; shell-fish and shell-less fish; crawling fish and flying fish; salt fish and fresh ones; fish by weight, fish by count, and fish by measure; and all the streets, lanes, and

alleys in the neighborhood so blocked up with hawkers and peddlers on foot, and with horse-wagons and donkey-carts, as to require the skill of an expert gymnast to work one's way through them.

STRENGTH.

Our New-York builders might, with safety to the public, copy the style and strength of the scaffoldings used by their British cousins in the erection of new buildings, scaffolds, and stagings.

John Bull does not build very fast, but he builds very strong and safe; and this may be said of all the Old World that I have seen.

As John Bright walks about the rooms of the Reform Club, chatting, with hands in trousers' pockets, he reminds one of Senator Wilson, by his freedom from starched-up pomposity, his perfectly natural, common sense way of talking, and the ease that he makes all feel in his presence. No humbug in either of these men. They mean what they say, say what they mean, and do both.



XXI.

*England—Scotland—Ireland—Leamington—Stratford—
Chatsworth—Sheffield—Edinburgh—Glasgow—Liver-
pool—Dublin—Killarney—Colorless-faced poor people,
etc., etc.*

CORK, IRELAND, May, 1868.

FROM London to Leamington, passing the collegiate city of Oxford; scudding past scores of brick-yards, whirling through green fields, rushing over and under highways, stopping here and there to take up and set down odd parcels of human freight, then on, past beautiful hedges, in sight of the grand old parks and lawns that make English landscapes so beautiful, looking at hundreds of great sheep, so round and heavy with flesh and wool that when they lie down they find it difficult to get up, sometimes rolling over on their broad backs with feet in the air, and waiting until the watchful shepherd comes to their rescue; such a day's ride on an English railway in fine weather is very pleasant.

LEAMINGTON.

Leamington is one of England's Saratogas, only a deal prettier and more inviting than any of ours, especially in its surroundings, the country about it being perfectly charming, much more so than the vicinity of any of our American watering places.

Adjoining one of the principal hotels, in the heart of the town, is a small space of ground covered with trees, in the tops of which the rooks, birds that look enough like our crows to be at least first-cousins, were building their nests,

and making a tremendous noise with their cawing and scolding. Their cousins, American crows, do not keep house in town.

OLD CASTLES—STRATFORD.

The tourist who stops at Leamington is bound to visit those old historic places, Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, passing through some of those beautiful parks of which the genuine Englishman is justly so proud; and of course he must go to that other place, still more famous than any old castle England boasts of—a place that will be known as long as humanity recognizes genius and pays homage to the owners of brains—the place in which the great Poet of the race was born, Stratford-on-Avon, a quiet, sleepy little village, which might have lived as long as the island on which it stands, and never have been heard of beyond the limits of its own shire, but for its being the birthplace of the bard.

The country about Stratford is as handsome as any one could desire—charming.

PLEASANT CHATSWORTH.

Chatsworth, the seat of a duke, is said to be one of the finest in England; whether it is or not, it is quite grand and beautiful; the hundreds of deer strolling about look contented enough to make the traveler feel envious, and the little hotel on the duke's estate is so clean and comfortable that the traveler wishes for plenty of time for the enjoyment of its pleasures.

SHEFFIELD.

Two hours' ride from Chatsworth, by good roads over the moors, brings the tourist to the smoke-blackened city of Sheffield, famous for its cutlery manufactures.

Strolling about its streets for a short time, while waiting for the train northward, we noticed large numbers of idle men standing about in groups, so many of them as to excite

our curiosity ; and on asking one if they were on a strike for higher wages, he replied in a tone and manner showing that he was no striker, " No, sir, no, indeed ; we are not on a strike ; we are out of work ; trade is dull ; none of us have work except a few ' grinders,' (alluding to those who ground the cutlery ;) all the rest of us have had no work for weeks, and God only knows when we will have any."

These men looked very poor, thin in flesh, and had those colorless faces I noticed in the poor of London, and which I afterward observed in the poor of Glasgow ; their whole appearance indicated extreme want and deep dejection.

The old church at York, known as the " Minster," is quite an imposing edifice ; but after one has seen the principal cathedrals on the Continent, much of the interest in such things is lost.

The country about York is not so fine as about Stratford, Leamington, Warwick Castle, etc.

SMOKE—COAL—IRON.

On the way to Melrose, in whose abbey graveyard the tombstones tell the former business of the dead occupants, we passed in sight of Newcastle-on-Tyne, another smoke-covered city ; in fact this whole trip from London to Edinburgh is made in sight of towns blackened with smoke ; one is never out of sight of railway trains loaded with coal, and coke, and iron ; furnace-chimneys are seen in every direction, throwing up tall sheets of flame and great clouds of smoke night and day. The trip is a sort of panorama of green fields, smoky towns, fine lawns, great trees, big sheep, pretty hedges, railways and railway trains burdened with iron, and coal, and coke ; the atmosphere in the vicinity of the towns and furnaces is completely darkened with great volumes of smoke.

EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh is a very interesting city to visit; but so much has been written about it, and so many of our people have seen it, that I shall not weary the reader with long stories concerning it. I was not pleased to see that Scotland's aristocratic novelist had a much more costly monument in a much more prominent place than has Scotland's democratic poet. The future Scotland will remedy this.

When the people are recognized as greater than castes or institutions, then the poets of the people will occupy the niches and places their worth and genius entitle them to; in the mean time, Burns can live in the hearts of the million.

The Botanic Gardens of "Auld Reekie" might be advantageously imitated by young Gotham.

GLASGOW.

Glasgow is a busy place; and the banks of the Clyde, thence to Dumbarton, give abundant evidence that iron steamers are still demanded by that imperious king of the present, Commerce.

Glasgow showed us more drunker persons of both sexes, more dirty, barefooted women, more pale-faced people, more daylight prostitutes, than any other place of its size I ever saw; but, over and above those dark spots, the city and people give evidence of such better institutions as trade and manufactures carry in their train.

The mountains and lakes seen about the region of Lomond and Katrine are very beautiful; but to be properly appreciated, one ought to see them before visiting Switzerland, whose chief wealth consists in the beauty of her lakes and the grandeur of her mountains.

LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool is another busy place, though it does not contain much to interest a traveler already surfeited with sight-seeing. A large open space near the Town Hall is, on a Sunday afternoon, filled with groups of men, discussing all sorts of topics in a quiet and orderly manner, quite as orderly as are some of the sittings of the Italian Parliament at Florence.

Some of these parties were discussing religious topics, including, of course, the Irish Church question; others talked on political matters; others listened very earnestly to some zealous missionary or street-preacher—all observing the utmost decorum, and the rival disputants would listen to each other with as much patience as if each had an allotted time to speak.

There must have been several hundreds thus engaged when we were present, the groups varying from a dozen or so about the debaters, up to as great a number as could hear what was said, the two or three policemen standing on the outskirts of the crowd having nothing to do but look on.

From Liverpool to Holyhead is a pleasant railway ride, passing the old city of Chester, cutting across a bit of Wales, through the celebrated tubular bridge that Englishmen consider such a wonder, going at a very high rate of speed for two hours without stop, giving the engine water while under headway; then by steamer over to Dublin completes one day's work.

DUBLIN.

Dublin is a fine city; has several very pretty greens, (parks,) streets in tolerably good order, and shopkeepers too lazy to commence trade early in the morning.

From Dublin to the Lakes of Killarney, a traveler sees thousands and thousands of acres of land that seem to be

suffering for the occupants that once tilled them; the tumble-down cabins give evidence that thrift is unknown within their doors; while the broken fences and untrimmed hedges speak eloquently of absent workers.

KILLARNEY.

The Lakes of Killarney, the Gap of Dunloe, with their legends, surroundings, old castles, magnificent deer parks, etc., are very beautiful and interesting; but not so beautiful or interesting is the appearance of the poorer classes seen on the highway and in the little town of Killarney—people that look as if hope had left them forever.

The laboring classes of Ireland have great respect for America, every neighborhood and almost every family having contributed additions to our census.

Asking an old man at work near O'Connell's monument, in the cemetery at Dublin, if he would give a lady from America a sprig of holly from a bush near his work, he replied, "Yes, indade, and welcome," and wished that he had something else to give; "for," said he, "America is the Irishman's home, and all Americans are welcome in Ireland."

An old man who had been showing visitors about the ruins of a castle near Killarney for forty years had several children in America; two of his sons had joined a Massachusetts regiment during the war; in fact, every one you talk with in Ireland has a relative or friend in America.

From Killarney to Cork and Queenstown is the last railway trip the homeward-bound American makes; on arriving at the end of the iron road, he takes a steamer and is rolled and tossed, and steamed and blown across the Atlantic, to meet those whose faces speak of former times, and mingle in scenes he can not live away from.



XXII.

Scraps—Comparisons.

PERHAPS the reader may be interested in a few items concerning matters not often referred to by travelers, mere trifles may be, but nevertheless noticeable.

SIGNS.

In Paris, and some other cities, dealers in jewelry made of materials that resemble gold and silver (but are neither) are required to put the word "imitation" in such conspicuous places in their windows and shops as to be seen by all who enter; and that word is seen in some of the finest looking shops on the continent.

This regulation is for the protection of the public; otherwise the ignorant might pay as much for imitation articles as the genuine would bring. If this law prevailed in America, dealers in "cheap jewelry" would not get the high prices they now obtain.

A certain clothing store in Paris is known by the name of the "Good Devil," and the sign over its door has a full-length portrait of his Diabolical Excellency painted thereon. Another store is known as the "Little Jesus." On one side of a street is a shoe store called the "Two Sisters." Across the street is another one called the "Two Brothers." A certain dry goods store is known as the "Little St. Thomas." Another one, as the "Good Market."

Nowhere did I see such large, fine signs over business places as are seen in American cities. In Florence, and some

other Southern towns, most of the business signs were really small and insignificant. While on the Continent, we did not see a coffin warehouse, or any place where coffins were kept for sale ; in fact, did not see one, except at funerals. Neither will a traveler see a "barber's pole." The sign for a barber's shop is a small metal dish, about the size and shape of a large soup-dish, with a piece clipped out of one side of the rim.

Parisian barbers have quite a reputation as hair-dressers, but as hair-cutters they are far behind the craft in New-York ; indeed, European barbers are not as expert either with scissors or razors as the barbers in America, and their shops bear no comparison with ours, in size or fittings. A luxurious barber shop, such as we have, is unknown in Europe.

RAILWAYS.

The railways of the old world are much more firmly constructed than ours ; the road beds are often well ballasted with gravel or broken stone, the masonry very durable ; the bridges strong and heavy, always of stone, brick, or iron, never of wood ; the car-wheels of greater diameter than ours : the driver or engineer stands exposed to the weather, without roof or shelter.

The cars differ from ours in being divided into small compartments, each holding six to eight persons, and are entered at the side instead of at the ends. A train sometimes consists of three classes of cars, the difference being in the exterior appearance and interior finishing ; the first-class are luxurious, the second comfortable, and the third are neither.

The compartments are so small that there is no room for stoves. In cold weather, passengers are warmed by metal tubes, filled with hot water, which are covered with carpet or felt, and placed on the floor of the car. In ordinary cold weather, this hot water keeps the car comfortable.

At the highway crossings, where the railway does not go over or under the highways, as it generally does, guards are stationed, or gates are hung, to protect the highway travelers from passing trains. When a train approaches a stopping place, speed is slackened a long way off, and, instead of rushing up to the station at the top of its speed, and stopping so suddenly as to send the passengers off their seats—American fashion—headway is slackened so imperceptibly that a full stop is reached without jar.

In leaving a station, the train moves very slowly at first ; no snorting and screaming of engine ; no jerking and twitching of cars and shaking up of passengers. A train moves off as carefully as if the human freight inside was worth preserving. When a train reaches a station, the passengers leaving pass from the landing place by one door, and those intending to take the train enter at another ; no hustling, crowding, and jamming between the outgoers and incomers on car platforms and in car doors. No person is allowed to walk on a railway track anywhere ; and in many places where passengers are obliged to cross the track at a station to take a train, bridges are provided for that purpose.

On some railways, passengers pay for all their luggage ; on others, a certain weight is allowed each passenger, and the excess only is charged for, no matter how little such excess may be, sometimes amounting to only a few cents. On all the Continental railways, each passenger's luggage is weighed, and a printed receipt given therefor ; the American system of checking baggage, and delivery by express men, is not known abroad.

On the Continent, railways seldom enter or pass through a town, the station always being far away from the centre or densely populated portion. Such a thing as a train rushing at high speed into and through a city, as in America, is a

thing not practiced in the Old World. There, corporations are ruled by the governments for the protection of the people.

HIGHWAYS—BRIDGES.

In the countries herein referred to, highways are much better than with us. Were they otherwise, it would speak but poorly for the progress of the race; there, experience, cheap labor, and abundance of capital, dense population, have made the roads and bridges as good as need be, and as durable as the elements will allow.

Highway bridges, like the railway bridges, are made of stone, or brick, or iron, wooden bridges being almost unknown: in fact, I did not see one.

It is not an uncommon sight to see a bridge that has stood a thousand years; and the traveler often crosses those built in the palmy days of old Rome.

FORESTS.

Much of France, nearly all of Spain, and large portions of Italy, are entirely destitute of forests. The tourist can travel day after day in these countries without seeing standing timber enough to make a decent-sized barn. The people in these sections are bothered to get the very little fuel they need, depending upon the trimmings of shade and fruit trees, vines, etc., for what they get; whilst the damage done to the country by heavy rains is beyond estimate, especially in the hilly regions, where the rain, falling on the ground, finding no trees with their wide-spreading roots to check its passage off the surface, rushes with tremendous force into the valleys, carrying all before it. So destructive are these torrents, and so sudden do they come down the river beds, that in many places heavy stone walls are erected to keep the sweeping floods within bounds. Within a few hours

after one of these torrents has swept down a valley, the bed of the river will be as dry as if water had never wet it.

Another evil is found in the scarcity of small running streams for the use of cattle, and for manufacturing purposes.

The unchecked rain, finding nothing in its way, hastily passes from the surface and gets to the sea; whereas, if the land was sprinkled with forests, much of it would be absorbed by the ground, and by gradual percolation find its way to the streams, and keep them alive to aid in the work of man, and give drink to animals.

I earnestly implore the owners of forests in our favored land to be careful of the trees, and waste none. We can leave our successors no better legacy.

PUBLIC SAFETY.

There seems to be more regard paid to public safety in Europe than in America; that is, in guarding life and public convenience against carelessness. This is seen in the separated ingress and egress of passengers at railway stations; in crossing over and prohibition of walking on railway tracks; in the care exercised at railway crossings, as referred to herein; in the strength of the stagings and scaffoldings used in the erection or repair of buildings; in the strength of bridges, etc.

In Paris, when the front of a house is being cleaned, painted, or repaired, persons on foot are not allowed to pass on the sidewalk before it, for fear of some accident befalling them from the carelessness of the workmen; and this is true in regard to new buildings. The sidewalk is fenced in, so that the passer-by shall not be endangered by any thing falling from the staging overhead; whilst the street in front is not, only in a very small degree, blocked up with building

materials, the rule seeming to be, in all cases, that the convenience of one individual must be secondary to that of the community.

French omnibuses are not allowed to carry more passengers than they can seat.

When a bus is full, a sign is put on the top stating that fact; and until some one gets out, no one can get in.

One result of this is, that those who pay for seats have them, without carrying others on their laps, or having their toes trod on by standing trespassers. Another result is, that more omnibuses are put on the routes than would be if the American system of crowding and packing was adopted.

Our New-York practice of lining the sides of streets with vehicles not in present use does not prevail over the water.

When a cart or carriage is not in service, has no team before it ready for use, it is taken out of the street and disposed of in private places, just as the horses are, or as furniture is; no barricading of public highways with idle private vehicles.

The adoption of this system would make the streets of New-York much more easy for transit, and add greatly to their appearance.

CITIES.

No city visited during our tour seemed to be so busy as New-York. Although Paris has twice, and London three times its population, neither of them seemed so active, so busy, so lively as New-York; the people did not seem in such a hurry; there, the street crowds move along leisurely, as if they had but little to do and plenty of time to do it; while our people move as if they had a great deal to do, and but a short time in which to do it. Many of the Old World cities have more vehicles for pleasure than we of New-York, Paris having over eleven thousand licensed public carriages,

beside other thousands of private unlicensed ones; yet neither Paris nor London seem to have so many vehicles for business and work as New-York; neither did it seem as if the work-carts in those cities were scattered over so much of their surfaces as they are in New-York, though in certain spots in London the street-traffic was greater, and the thoroughfares more crowded than any of ours.

The licensed carriage system of the Old World appears better than ours; more care is exercised for the protection of the passenger than with us.

In Paris and other continental cities, as soon as a passenger is seated in a carriage, the driver gives him a printed card containing the rates of fare he has to pay. A failure to do this subjects the driver to a legal penalty.

The rates of fare are usually lower than with us. The public carriages are generally comfortable, but the horses are not so good as ours; the drivers are usually civil. In addition to their regular legal fare, they always expect a gratuity from the passenger. A failure to comply with this expectation sometimes changes civility to gross rudeness.

New-York excels European cities in the activity of its people, in its business energies, in the filth of its miserably-paved streets, in the great size and beauty of its stores, its convenient, luxurious private dwelling-houses, its unrivaled Fifth Avenue, a street without a peer, whether viewed architecturally, or as giving evidence of wealth and taste; and no street in any city we visited can, at any hour of any day, make such a magnificent display as this does every fine Sunday at mid-day; then more well-dressed men, more richly-clad, handsome women, can be seen than on any other two miles of street we ever saw.

Fifth Avenue in its Sunday garb is not our only showy street, so far as the number and appearance of its promena-

ders is concerned ; for Broadway from Bleecker to Twenty-third street can, on any pleasant day, display more gayly-dressed, pretty women than can be seen on any street we saw abroad ; and though I can not indorse all that is claimed for our national bird, yet I am constrained to say that the lady promenaders in our American cities are much better looking than those seen in the streets of European cities.

LANDLORDS—HOTEL CLERKS—WAITERS.

American hotel-keepers are to most hotel-guests a sort of myth, a kind of demi-god, to be seen by but few and approached by none ; while their "gentlemanly clerks" are pinks of stuck-up, starched, self-inflated, hair-frizzled specimens of the tailor's skill in ornamenting brainless bipeds, whose principal duties seem to consist in keeping the newly-arrived guest waiting their leisure for assignment to some seven-by-nine room in a sky-parlor.

European landlords receive their guests as friends making a personal visit ; are civil, polite, attentive, and their clerks are employed to serve the guests of the hotel, not to snub them with cold neglect or colder rudeness ; whilst the waiters and other servants treat guests as though they felt an interest in their comfort. Possibly this may arise from a prospective gratuity at the guest's departure, though such is also expected in America ; but that does not insure as much civility and attention here as there.

On a guest's departure, landlord, clerk, etc., wait upon the traveller to his carriage, and with a polite bow wish him a pleasant journey. American haste, American activity, and press of business no doubt prevent this sort of attention, but need not preclude civil treatment and polite attention on the part of the landlord and *attachés* while the guests remain.

We have some approachable landlords, some polite hotel-clerks, and attentive waiters, but there is room for and need of more.

Waiters at foreign restaurants, wine-shops and the like, always expect a gratuity from the customer, no matter how little has been ordered; when the guest leaves, he is expected to give the waiter something, even if served by the landlord in person. A very little will answer, but the more the better. At all eating-houses, every guest is presented with a regular bill of all he has had, a piece of circumlocutory detail that the patrons of American eating-houses have neither time nor inclination to wait for, a useless practice that none but slow people could tolerate. Fast America can not wait.

PARKS—FOUNTAINS.

European cities are often better supplied with parks, public gardens, and squares, than are our American cities; and most of them have an abundance of statues and other works of art. Some have great shade-trees, little lakes, etc., but none that I visited excel or equal our Central Park in the variety of scenery, in artistic arrangement, in splendid views of land and water, in the elegance of carriages, horses, and the beauty of the magnificently dressed women that fill its splendid drives on fine days.

Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, London, may turn out heavier style in the matter of huge carriages, heavy as our New-York cartmen's trucks; in a greater weight and ornamentation of harness, and big-legged, big-wigged, and powdered coachmen, footmen, etc.; and one portion of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, where the carriages pass up and down, back and forth, like the promenaders in a ball-room, may make a grand display of horses, vehicles, and people; yet neither of these, nor the Prado at Madrid, nor the drive

along the Arno at Florence, nor the Pincian Hill at Rome, excel our Central Park, either in the elegance of the place itself, or in the appearance of those who visit it: and when it is sprinkled over with the water-jets and monuments that time will bring, it will be far more beautiful than any thing we saw abroad.

The cities and villages of the Old World are usually well supplied with public fountains; about them, one always sees the people waiting their turn for a supply of water. In many towns of Spain and Italy, the water is carried about by donkeys; and in Venice by stout, healthy-looking girls.

Some of these fountains are highly ornamented with statues, bas-reliefs, etc., and always form a prominent feature among the sights.

The semi-wild birds seen by travelers, such as pigeons, crows, and small field birds, are not so shy as with us. Crows do not seem to be at all afraid of the passers-by, and the pigeons in the streets are as bold as if never molested.

Evidently the boys of Europe are not so fond of frightening the birds as ours, or are not allowed to indulge in such boyish sports. Pipes used for distributing gas about buildings, dwellings, etc., are always exposed to view, never covered with boards or mortar as with us. Huge placards or posters, such as are seen in American cities, are not seen in Europe. American advertisers of that sort entirely eclipse their brethren on the other side. Such great bills as are used by our circus managers would attract more attention than the pictures in an art gallery.

COURIERS—BANKERS.

Travelers often growl about couriers. Perhaps some of the bad traits of this class of men may be traced to their employers, and may grow out of the treatment they receive.

A six months' observation leads me to believe that they are as much sinned against as sinning.

They certainly are a very useful class; are often men of education, some of them speaking nearly all the principal languages of Europe, and are men of experience.

I met one, a black American, who had been a courier over twenty years; had charge of the mother and other female relatives of a very prominent New-Yorker, and his party of four—two ladies and two young misses—were as well taken care of as any party need be.

The bankers a traveler has to meet are usually polite and attentive, and diligent in forwarding correspondence; at least, such was my experience.

During a ten months' trip, my letters and papers from home reached me as regularly as the weeks rolled around, not a letter being lost. 'Messrs. John Munroe & Company, of Paris, and their various correspondents in the places visited, were as prompt in attending to requests about letters, etc., as any one would desire.

SMALL MATTERS.

Butter is put on the table unsalted; each person adds salt to suit his taste. In many places, the girls and boys that sell flowers in the streets fix no price on their fragrant wares. The purchaser gives what he chooses. Throwing a bunch of flowers into one's carriage is a common practice of these dealers in the beautiful. If you do not give them quite as much as you ought, an intimation to that effect is soon given, either by following your carriage, or such expression of countenance as to be understood, as well as the language of the tongue.

Beggars will sometimes follow a carriage for a mile, even if going at a pretty fair pace, sometimes performing queer

feats of gymnastics, the young members of that ancient craft seeming to be as tireless as dogs.

At hotels, candles are charged separately; in fact, all items had by the traveler are thus charged. Many travelers make a practice of taking the unburned portions of their candles with them for future use. When one pays from twenty to thirty cents for an indifferent candle, a little economy is not considered out of place; in fact, it is pretty often practiced.

The waiters are fond of lighting plenty of candles, sometimes half a dozen in one sleeping-room, all of which are charged in the traveler's bills.

At restaurants, a certain amount of sugar is given to each person for coffee and tea. If more is wanted, an extra charge is made; if any is unused, the customer takes it or leaves it, just as he pleases.

In some places, hot water is brought into the dining-room on live coals, for tea-making, and each one makes his tea to suit his taste.

Judging by the universal, constant sight of people carrying bread in the streets, a traveler must believe that our American practice of bread-making at home does not prevail abroad, all seeming to look to the bake-shop for that sort of food. In some places, pure milk is obtained by driving cows and goats from house to house, and having them milked on the premises of the consumer, one cow serving several families.

END.

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